



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**THIS SANDDUNE BUSINESS
IS BAD BUSINESS**

We still believe that it would be a pity if part of the sanddunes north of Ocean avenue are permitted to be used as a building site for a group of houses, as planned by Elizabeth McClung White, who owns the property. On inquiry this week we are given to understand that Miss White holds the property at around the \$40,000 figure for the acres and seven-tenths. We understand that in 1927 she bought it for \$7,500. If these figures are correct, she is asking a considerable profit on its sale; too much, we are told by people who know realty values around here. It would seem that over a period of 14 years such property could be expected to double in value. That would put a reasonable price of \$15,000 on it. Or let Miss White have \$20,000 at the outside.

Where the city would get \$40,000 right now, or \$20,000, for that matter, is a case for a Charlie Chan of finance. It just can't be done. But through the aid of property owners in the section, property owners who very naturally do not want the sanddunes contaminated by a bunch of homes, it might be done, through the city reimbursing them over a period of years.

The mistake was made 15 years ago. And it's going to prove a costly mistake, whether the property is now bought from Miss White, or whether she builds houses on it.

LIQUOR IN CARMEL

Harrison Godwin gets his liquor license for his service bar at Pine Inn. We were certain he would. We were certain of it even the while we were appealing to the referee of the State board of equalization not to grant it. The state board of equalization doesn't give a damn what Carmel wants in the matter of liquor licenses, or, to put it more correctly in this instance, what it doesn't want. Now Fred Godwin of La Playa and the owners of La Ribera can shop around for licenses in Gonzales or Soledad or King City and bring them over here. The State board, you know, says it won't grant any more licenses in the State, but permits licenses to be transferred in a county. And no one can blame La Playa and La Ribera for trying to get one now.

Something should be done about this liquor business in Carmel and it should be done soon. THE CYMBAL believes, and it has always believed, that Carmel would be immeasurably better off if no liquor were sold in the town at all; if it never had been sold here, either on-sale or off-sale. And, as we have said, this opinion is not dictated by any moral consideration, but is, so help us, purely social and economic. It would be pleasanter to live here if there were no liquor sold, and being pleasanter to live here, it would, naturally, be of economic advantage to everybody, home-owner, home-renter and merchant alike.

We think that the state board of equalization needs a little talking to as far as Carmel is concerned. We have heard this man Riley talking around the state and we have received over our editorial desk reams of copy from his publicity agent. He apparently wants people to like him, to think he is a great guy

(Continued on Page Two)

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 14 • No. 9

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • FEBRUARY 28, 1941

FIVE CENTS

CARMEL LOOKS FORWARD TO KALTENBORN

It's next Wednesday that H. V. Kaltenborn comes to Carmel. Kit Whitman, who is bringing him here, reports the ticket sale as showing all ear-marks of a record-breaker. The people like Kaltenborn. We predict a full Sunset auditorium for him.

Kaltenborn became one of the first of radio's newscasters in 1922. For 18 years he has built a solid, substantial, though unsensational success. The acclaim he has been receiving from his crisis broadcasts has been a bit bewildering to him. Ten thousand letters and telegrams poured in, cups, medals, scrolls and special citations. And all for just doing his regular job. He recalls that two years ago he did something much more spectacular without getting any such reaction.

That was in the early days of the Spanish civil war, and Kaltenborn rushed to the front to cover it in the swashbuckling tradition. There was fighting along a stream by the French border near Hendaye. He found a jutting point in a sharp bend of the river where French territory extended right into the battlefield. This point of land had been abandoned by the French but he found a farmhouse there

(Continued from Page Twelve)

Legion Members Dice Shark Victims

Latitude of the Carmel Post of the American Legion in the matter of extending the hospitality of its clubhouse to non-members and strangers cost a few Legionnaires the sum total of about \$300 last Saturday night.

A couple of birds equipped with a pair of dice which obeyed their orders, cleaned up on a crap game which was started after a Packard car was presented to Bill Irwin of the Monterey Credit Bureau.

Irwin walked out with the Packard under no protest, but the two sharks who slid the loaded dice into the crap game were the objects of threats and vituperation until one of them threw back his coat and displayed a gun, neatly tucked in an arm-pit holster. At this point all protests were stilled and the gun-toter and his buddy departed quietly with the 300 bucks they had gathered in.

Chief of Police Roy Fraties and his men are working on the case.

Firemen's Show DeLuxe Is on Tonight

The Carmel Volunteer Fire Department's big annual show is tonight!

This year the committees in charge of the plans believe they have increased the quality as well as the quantity of the numbers on their program and the public is advised to hurry and pick up the few remaining tickets to be sure to get in on the entertainment and hilarity.

Last minute reports from the program committee are that Michael Mann, violinist, and Anna Grant Dall, accompanist, and Susan Duvall and Jewell Brook-

STATE ROAD MAY SWING AWAY FROM MONTEREY

Carmel To Have Saroyan's Hit Play, With New York Cast, at Sunset Auditorium, Monday, April 7

Kit Whitman will bring to Sunset Auditorium William Saroyan's play, "The Time of Your Life," with the original New York cast starring Eddie Dowling.

It happened this way. Last Sunday she was listening to the Saroyan radio skit for which Burgess Meredith was master of ceremonies when her telephone rang. It was Eddie Dowling's agent calling from Sacramento

to ask if she would manage the Saroyan play in Carmel for one performance, April 7. After finding that the auditorium was available on that date she wired an offer and has had a wire of acceptance.

So for the first time a complete New York cast will do a New York success here. Martin Flavin, who saw it in Chicago, says it is tops.

Post Office Moves This Week-End; 'Bear With Us,' Says Bixler

Carmel will have no post office tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon and all day Sunday.

You will not be able to get any mail, even if you have a box.

You will be able to mail a letter, but only in the box out on the sidewalk.

This is all because the Carmel post office is moving from where it now is to some place else.

And Ernest Bixler, postmaster, asks us to ask you to bear with him and his staff and the post office situation generally until they and it can get all nicely established and ready for business bright and early Monday morning in the new post office building which Robert and Isabel Leidig have constructed for the purpose on Dolores street just north of Sixth street.

The revolutionary tendency of the whole affair is not apparent through a mere consideration of

the removal of the place where you get your mail.

The change of the post office location is going to do things to the town. Some day it will have a tremendous effect on business in the present neighborhood of the post office. They say the downward trend in monthly receipts will be pretty ghastly. Others say the effect will be slight. The truth will probably be midway between.

That the stores and shops and, particularly, the eating places around Dolores and Ocean avenue will be greatly benefited by the new location is certain.

But the new building is a great improvement. There is much more room. The lobby, as well as the working space for the postal staff, will be bigger and lighter, and funnier, if you have that slant.

Dorothy Maynor, 'The Find of the Decade,' Sings Here March 8

The name of Dorothy Maynor, the newly-discovered young negro soprano, has been added to the distinguished group that includes Marian Anderson, contralto; Roland Hayes, tenor, and Paul Robeson, baritone. Just a few years ago this modest, simple girl planned a humble career as teacher of public school music.

Today she is being proclaimed as "the find of the decade." Yet this deluge of adulation hasn't drowned the modesty and quiet demeanor of a young singer who is rapidly becoming endeared to audiences everywhere. When she appears here for the Carmel Music Society at Sunset Auditorium Saturday, March 8, she will bring to us not only a remarkable voice, but a rare personality. Just as great art is beyond all questions of race, so is personality. Charm, simplicity, warmth and modesty

exist in their own right everywhere regardless of color or creed.

In appearance Miss Maynor is like a Polynesian. Gauguin would have loved to paint her. One could very well imagine her in a Tahitian flowered dress, with a basket of mangoes in the curve of her arm, posing for the painter. She has the glow and gaiety of the Pacific islands, with sun in her golden skin, in her dark eyes, in her sudden smile.

It is not the urge for fame that makes her sing. Success in itself does not interest her. "I only want to be a fine instrument for beautiful music," she says. "I hope only to be worthy of the music I sing." The day after her New York debut, after the season's biggest ovation, after the cheers, the praise, the telegrams, the flowers, Miss Maynor got up as usual at 7 a. m. and went right into her usual routine of study and practice. It did not even occur to her that a successful debut was an excuse for even one day's relaxation. In this little incident may be seen the sincerity with which this young artist regards her responsibility.

As to Dorothy Maynor's voice, critics have praised it on all

MORSE WANTS HIGHWAY TO TURN OFF THE CARMEL HILL AT 'CAPITOL SITE' GATE

Swinging of State Highway No. 1 away from Carmel Hill at the gate where the sign "Capitol Site" stood a year ago is the proposal of S. F. B. Morse and the Del Monte Properties Company of which he is president.

The plan, which has been all laid out and in blue print form, would bring the road out about at the Standard Oil service station smack up against the north gate of the Del Monte Hotel grounds.

Thence the highway would proceed on to Castroville and straight on to the Prunedale cut-off coming out on the present highway some distance north of Salinas, about where the Watsonville road enters.

As far as Monterey and Salinas are concerned, this route would eliminate these two towns, Salinas particularly, not going within shooting distance of the place. As for Carmel, it would snatch just about 30 minutes off our automobile time to San Jose and San Francisco.

Salinas has been against the Prunedale cut-off proposal for some time, probably apprehending such a plan as this, and it will undoubtedly do all it can to block the plan. On first glance, you would imagine Monterey would turn on the proposal and snarl, but THE CYMBAL understands that the Monterey Chamber of Commerce is far from being opposed to it; in fact, favors it.

This is probably because of the present congestion caused by traffic having to go to Fremont street in Monterey to make the turn toward Del Monte and out the highway.

Another point in the proposed route, affecting principally the Prunedale cut-off plan which burns Salinas up, is the fact that the road would appreciably cut the distance between Fort Ord and the San Francisco bay district.

points. It is one of those rare gifts of nature in which all things needful seem to be combined—power, purity, delicacy, range, tone, timbre, and an almost infinite adaptability to nuance. Added to this there is exceptional musicianship and the intensity of emotional communication so necessary if a singer is to give her audience an unforgettable experience.

Tickets for this concert may now be procured at the headquarters of the Carmel Music Society, Thoburns, Ocean, near Lincoln, between 11 a.m. and 4:30 p. m. Reservations should be made early.

—DORA HAGEMEYER

and should be cemented to his position. We would suggest to Riley that he do something to earn the praise he appears to crave. We suggest that he do something besides talk and pay a press agent. We suggest that he look this Carmel situation in the face.

We heard the referee of the board say in the council chambers the other day that the board of equalization could refuse a liquor license only if the applicant was of not-good moral character. Then, we are informed by a prominent merchant of Carmel that a representative of the board told him that the board would consider the wishes of Carmel if they were voiced by the city council. That is a strange statement in view of the fact that the Carmel city council has on three occasions, to our personal knowledge, asked the board to deny licenses and in the requests has stated emphatically that the people of Carmel do not want any more licenses here.

We further understand from this prominent merchant that the representative of the board told him that if Carmel could show that more licenses would make additional trouble for the police, the board would refuse further licenses.

This, again, is a strange statement in view of the fact that the chief of police testified at the Pine Inn hearing that additional licenses had increased the arrests and duties of the police department and that more would undoubtedly require more police, and that Mayor Keith Evans testified that the city had no money to employ additional policemen.

Within ten days of the giving of this testimony the state board granted the Pine Inn license.

We repeat that the state board of equalization apparently doesn't give a damn what the city of Carmel wants or doesn't want in the matter of liquor licenses. —W. K. B.

YOU ASKED ABOUT WEATHER

We weren't even going to mention it. We were going to let it slip past unnoticed and act just as though we always felt this damp at this time of year and always spent the greater part of February examining ourselves for fungus growths between the fingers and behind the ears. Each day we bravely reassured one another by muttering, "Tomorrow the sun shall shine." We set Thursday morning as the deadline. If this didn't dawn a clear, cloudless day some sort of statement concerning the rank insubordination of the weather would have to find its way into print. But the fiasco was up by Wednesday night when word was received that a new Pacific storm was on its way, predicted to last three or four days and possibly into the week-end.

So maybe it will help make things a little bit easier if we know that history is being made. These last two months, which have given the general impression of being one continuous raindrop, go to form what the weather bureau admits to be the wettest winter in 25 years. The weather bureau believes that this season, which to them, began July 1 and ends today, could most likely be rated as one of the five wettest winters since the state-wide rainfall figures were first kept back in 1897.

In San Francisco a forecaster explained it very simply — the cause of all this is a cold mass extending from Siberia into Canada which shoved the winter rains normally headed for Washington and Oregon down onto California. And that's why life in Carmel has seemed like one long continuous mudhole and that's why there seems to be a never-ending black-out hanging over Ocean Avenue. —E. H.

Rachel Morton's Carmel Recital Proves To Be Great Success

Radiant with enthusiasm and good-will, countenance aglow with her ever-beautiful smile, Rachel Morton made a dramatic and professionally poised entrance for her first formal introduction to Monterey Peninsula audiences last Monday night in the Carmel Playhouse.

Contributing to the dramatic effect was the stage, completely covered and draped in black, exaggerating the whiteness of the flares in their modern arrangement at either side of the stage. Then the sudden burst of brilliance, as the artist of the evening, in a full-floating flame confection, descended to the footlights.

But the picture was not complete until the arrival of the accompanist, Jaffrey Harris, fortunate possessor of so versatile a wife as Rachel Morton. Seated at the piano, with characteristic dependability, musicianship and efficiency, he proceeded by persuasion, gently but firmly to wheedle and cajole the poor old abused and rightly-retaliating piano into the performance of a most effective and satisfactory background for the demands of the singer.

The program was composed of four groups of songs. Of the first group of three songs sung in English, the *Come, Hallowed Peace* of Bach, was the loveliest and most beautifully sung.

The second group of German Lieder was well selected, four of these being less often heard. They were songs of great beauty, sung with good enunciation, interpretation and dramatic effect. The loveliest tone and charm of presentation were obtained in *Alle Dinge haben Sprache* by Erich Wolff. As an encore for this group the artist gave *Wanderliedchen*, a sprightly but brief composition by Joseph Marx.

In my opinion, the French group proved to be the highlight of the evening. Just to prove that an operatic soprano may, with experience, become sufficiently versatile to sing songs of a completely contrasting character requiring the greatest subtlety and delicacy of technique, Miss Morton sang this group of French songs with a caressing exquisiteness of tone which was most appealing to the ear. The delightful effect produced by fine pianissimo work is compensation enough for the daily practice and necessary energy expended. Of these French songs, *Le Temps des Lilas* by Chausson and *Il Neige* by Bemberg were best suited to the artist's voice and were sung with the loveliest tone-quality. The encore for this group was, *We Walked in the Garden Together*, by Clara Edwards.

The last group of songs was well-chosen and charmingly sung in English. *Sleep My Darling*, by Julian de Cordova, is a most delightful little creation. The composer, who was in the audience, responded to their generous applause, graciously bestowing all the credit on the singer. As a courteous gesture to those who had hoped that an aria from

some opera would be included on the program, Miss Morton sang *Elsa's Dream* from "Lohengrin".

The Playhouse is peculiarly well adapted for the giving of formal recitals. The large attendance and enthusiasm of the audience was one more proof that Carmel does appreciate the high standard of music being presented by the rapidly growing Music Colony in our community.

After the recital, a reception was held in the Carmel Art Gallery by friends of the artist.

—GRACE HOWDEN

Red Cross Ready To Give Aid in Case Of Sabotage

Our government looks to the local Red Cross to give aid in case of sabotage or of invasion bombings. These are the two possible future disasters in this section.

On this startling note ended the Red Cross dinner at La Playa Wednesday, which started as a social event of importance, and developed into an inspiring testimonial meeting when Red Cross officials of the Pacific Area spoke briefly and well on phases of the great work being done by the Red Cross.

Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps gave concrete examples of some of that work by mentioning the 17,000 surgical dressings prepared in the Carmel Valley every month for use in China. The quota has been raised because of the great need and Mrs. Phelps said with pride that it would be met.

As master of ceremonies, Dr. G. H. Taubles ruled with infectious geniality. He gave credit to Miss Rowena Beans for supervising the dinner and floral decoration. La Playa employees served the 47 guests with a superb dinner.

McGRURYS MOVING HOUSE TO PREPARE SITE FOR NEW STELLA'S STORE

The James B. McGrurys are preparing to move their house, just adjoining the new post office on the north. On the site they plan to build a store in which Stella's, for many years in its present location at Ocean and Dolores, will be housed.

Stella's present location will be occupied by Fortier's Drug Store, now in the same building with the departing post office. We get the tip that Fortier is also flirting with the idea of maintaining a second store in his present location.

PURSE SNATCHERS WORK IN CARMEL

Two purse snatchers, or maybe, it was the same one, operated Wednesday night in Carmel. A woman had her purse snatched from her at 10:15 o'clock near La Playa hotel and another half an hour later near Ninth and Dolores.

47 High School Students on Honor Roll

For work done during the fall semester at the Carmel High School, 47 students have been placed on the first scholarship honor roll of the school.

They are: Seniors: William Arms, Peter Elliott, Harvey Gardner, George Gocler, Ann Millis, Lewis Norman, Constance Potter, Gerald Ray, Arthur Strasburger, Alice Vidoroni and Robert Young.

Juniors: Dewitt Appleton, Beverly Douglas, Eleanor Hart, Eleanor Johnston, Jimmy Kelsey, Zaida Martin, Mary Marshall, Dorothy Nixon, June Petty and Gordon Stoddard.

Sophomores: Louise Marshall, Robert Pearson, Margery Street, Pat Tarrant, Richard Thomas and Lila Whitaker.

Freshmen: Baird Bardarson,

James Greenan, James Handley, Sandy Hook, Noreen Kelsey, George Moller, Bill Monroe, Vivian Orr, Roy Parsons, Arnold Pilling, Eleanor Smith, Ben Stillwell, Mary Virginia Shone, Mary Ada Torras, Phyllis Waterman, Suzanne Watson and Norvelle Yerkes.

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Potter To Talk on Errors in Defense Production

Are our defense preparations going forward as they can and should? Zenas L. Potter thinks not. So strongly is he concerned over what he terms "Tragic Mistakes in Defense Production" that he will lecture on this topic in Sunset Auditorium Saturday evening at 8 o'clock in a special program for the Carmel Forum.

Keenly aware of the progress of defense preparations because of his own activities in the Woodrow Wilson administration during the World War, when one of his regular duties was to prepare a weekly confidential report for the then president on the subject, Potter is devoting his time and efforts to try and avoid some of the more costly mistakes of the last war.

He declares that he will not cease writing, lecturing and protesting as long as such tragic errors are being made. Next Wednesday he will lecture before the defense section of the San Francisco Commonwealth Club.

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Box Sent to British Red Cross by Carmel Christian Scientists

The sewing and knitting group of the Christian Science Church which is barely three weeks old and the newest unit of relief in Carmel, has already sent off a large packed box of clothing and shoes to the British Red Cross. This sewing and knitting unit is one of 500 similar groups which are functioning all over the country and which ship their work direct to the Mother Church in Boston and from there to England.

The group meets in the Sunday School rooms which are adjacent to the church on North Monte Verde between Fifth and Sixth and are open every afternoon between 1:30 and 5 with a number of workers always there to instruct in sewing or knitting or to distribute work which may be taken home for completion. A welcome to anyone wishing to work with them is extended.

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ALLAN WYATT AND BAND NOW AT SAN CARLOS

Allan Wyatt and his band moved onto the band stand in El Dorado room at Hotel San Carlos this week to specialize in sweet music; waltzes, rumbas and novelties.

Wyatt has a good following because for two and a half years he has been conductor for the Monterey Peninsula Orchestra and director of music in the evening school. He gives instruction in all instruments, plays the violin with the band, the violin which he played with the San Francisco Symphony before coming here four years ago.

Once a month when vaudeville comes to the State Theatre, Wyatt is in charge of musical accompaniment. He has traveled all over the world with music and at one time had a symphony orchestra composed of 40 Chinese musicians playing occidental music at the University of Shanghai.

Abalone League Gets Back Into Action; Soon Cry of 'Play Ball' Goes Up

The Abalone League shall live!

There's been more than one landslide around here lately and the Abalone landslide is the one which holds the most interest right now. Old Leaguers recently made plans for reorganization with hopes of instilling life into the bygone practice of Sunday afternoon baseball games and sent out a call for players about two weeks ago. Now there's a plump roster of 45 members (four of whom are women) divided into four good-sized teams. The result is that this Sunday afternoon at 2 on the Carmel High School field there will be a practice game to get the kinks out of all non-baseball muscles and to oil up pitching arms. Mayor Evans has been asked to pitch the first ball and open the season with appropriate exercises and noise.

At the meeting held last Wednesday night at Sunset School Doc Staniford, Joe DeAmaral, Hap Hasty, Otto Bardarson, Winsor Josselyn, and Arthur Hull all helped to work out a schedule and the teams. The four teams are tentative and will be changed around a bit after Sunday's practice so that they will all be evenly balanced. The teams are the Giants, Pilots, Shamrocks and the Tigers of which Allen Knight, By Ford, Hap Hasty and Joe DeAmaral are the respective captains. The captains also have the job of notifying players of games and of getting the money collected. Half the players have not yet paid their dollars and as the money goes toward buying equipment, this is looked on as being a pretty important little item and the other non-paying half has been asked to pay immediately. There is still time for a few to sign up and in case some Old Abalones get there, rest they will be given precedence over the newer men.

At present there is need for a good scorer, perhaps even two. Doc Staniford will again hide himself behind a wire mask and act as Chief Umpire. The usual softball rules will apply and Doc will explain the 'Carmel exceptions.' Also, as sort of a P.S., the association wants it to be known that it's not responsible for any accident while playing in this fast AA league.

The schedule is as follows:
March 2—Practice.
March 9—Giants vs. Pilots. Shamrocks vs. Tigers.
March 16—Shamrocks vs. Giants. Pilots vs. Tigers.
March 23—Pilots vs. Shamrocks. Giants vs. Tigers.
March 30—Giants vs. Pilots. Shamrocks vs. Tigers.
April 6—Shamrocks vs. Giants. Pilots vs. Tigers.
April 13—Pilots vs. Sham-

rocks. Giants vs. Tigers.
April 20—Giants vs. Pilots. Shamrocks vs. Tigers.

April 27—Shamrocks vs. Giants.
May 4—Pilots vs. Shamrocks. Giants vs. Tigers.

The teams are:
Giants—Al Rico, Don Craig, Helen Miller, Andy Wiemann, Richard Boone, Allen Knight, Don Elias, Charley Hamm, Ernie Morehouse, Martin Irwin, Dick Sears.

Pilots—Ivan Kelsey, Otto Bardarson, Arlene McMillan, Hugh Evans, Jim O'Connor, By Ford, Bob Doerr, George Aucourt, Stanley Hilbert, Ty Hook, Marvin Wermuth.

Shamrocks—Dick Masten, Cedric Rowntree, Frances Brewer, Irving Poklen, C. Lawman, Hap Hasty, Lloyd Miller, Robert McMillan, Galen Alderson, Tommy Heffling, Gil Severns.

Tigers—Joe DeAmaral, Arthur Hull, Dorothea Dawson, Joe McEldowney, Charley Frost, W. A. Bjamould, Floyd Harber, Harry Aucourt, Kenneth Roberts, Arthur Templeman, Harold Aldrich.

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GORDON CAMPBELL TO TELL ABOUT CHINA

Gordon Campbell will tell of his experiences as United States marshal in Shanghai at the Monterey Civic Club's meeting at 2:30 this afternoon in the House of the Four Winds. Campbell was in China for over a year before he returned to the Peninsula to take up the role of deputy district attorney of Monterey county about six months ago.

The guest of honor will be Mrs. Clayton L. Shaff, who is a past president of the club and whose term as Monterey county federation president will expire soon. Tea will be served following the meeting.

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17TH INFANTRY LADIES TO HAVE LUNCHEON

There will be a luncheon and bridge meeting of the Ladies of the 17th Infantry next Wednesday, Mar. 3, at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. Those who have not all ready received their cards should call Mrs. C. W. Louisell as reservations must be made before Mar. 3.

+ + +

TALKS AT HIGH SCHOOL ON NATIONAL DEFENSE

"Youth and National Defense" was the topic of J. Evan Armstrong, president of the Armstrong Business College in Berkeley, when he spoke to the 36 seniors of the Carmel High School last Tuesday afternoon.

Armstrong gave the lecture out of his own interest in public affairs and stressed the duties of youth in a crisis such as that when we are facing at the present time.

General Stilwell Breaks Ground for Fort Ord Recreation Center

Yesterday morning while acting as pilot of a big bull-dozer, Maj. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell broke the ground on top of one of the sand dunes opposite Fort Ord for the foundations of the \$2,000,000 WPA-army recreation project which is expected to be America's finest athletic, recreation and religious center. The mammoth unit will be built between Monterey Bay and Highway No. 1 with two large and luxurious clubs for privates and non-commissioned officers, both of which will have swimming pools, tennis courts, baseball and football fields, etc. In the Mission-style Chapel there will be revolving altars so that religious services of all faiths may be held there.

If the final construction looks anything like the beautiful group of buildings styled in early California architecture and pictured in color in the special supplement on *Panorama*, the Fort Ord newspaper which Lt. Roy Craft brought us, then this center, nestling in the dunes and overlooking the bay will certainly be a real eye-opener to Army Posts in all parts of the country.

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PRESIDIO COMPANY ASKS FOR HELP TO START RECREATION UNIT

Headquarters Company, 3rd Army Corps at the Presidio of Monterey hope to soon start what may eventually be called a recreation center, that is if enough people are able to come forth with articles to help make it so. Right now as a nucleus, they have just a tent in which to assemble and a desperate call has gone out for old radios, boxing gloves, baseballs, books, magazines and furniture. Anyone who might have anything along this line which they can no longer use may call Frederick Beedolt at Carmel 187 and he will see that the contributions are called for.

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MAYOR EVANS PLANTS EUCALYPTUS TREES ON SIDEWALK

Have you noticed that our handsome mayor, Keith Evans, has planted four eucalyptus trees along the curb of his property on Sixth street, east of Junipero? In about five years he can use the branches for firewood.

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The annual Hobby Show under the joint auspices of the Twenty-Third Club and the Y.M.C.A. of Eureka will be held from April 15 to 19.

Dr. Reinhardt, President Of Mills, Speaks Here Tuesday, Mar. 11

The Carmel Forum announces a lecture "When Shall There Be No Night?" by Dr. Henry Aurelia Reinhardt, president of Mills College, Tuesday March 11, at Sunset Auditorium.

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Mrs. Markham Johnston had as her houseguests last weekend, Mr. and Mrs. James Moody. Mrs. Moody is Dr. Mildred Thorne who is head of the Weimar Joint Sanitarium.

+ + +

Col. John L. Jenkins has gotten his orders to transfer to Camp Roberts at Nacimento after having been here about six weeks. His wife will stay on in Carmel until the first of June when their son will finish the school year at Sunset School.

SUEDE NEWS

Suedes are no longer in the luxury class.

The average woman's opinion of suede as a dress material is as out of date as the first automobile. Four out of five say that suede is beautiful but impractical and expensive, that cleaning is a hazard and that suede must be cleaned often. These ideas are old fashioned.

Times have changed. Suedes have changed as a result of years of research in dying, treating and handling the leather. By trial and error this beautiful velvet-like leather has evolved from a material that was merely luxuriously lovely into a fast colored, long wearing material.

A rubber sponge erases minor spots and smoothes out wrinkles. When the garment must be cleaned for freshness or for major spots, which in many cases is after months of wear, it is returned to the factory where it was made for cleaning. The manufacturer who knows the chemicals used in dying and treating the leather will make no mistake in the cleaning of it.

Suede is wonderful for people with sensitive skin who cannot wear wool and ideal for year round wear on the peninsula.

This soft leather which has long been famous for beauty, was never made into more flattering styles than it has been this spring. One piece dresses, two piece dresses, suits, coats, vests, bags, gloves, beanies and hats are in a profusion of soft pastels, tan, brown, black or red or white or blue. To give an example of the price of suedes, a one piece dress is as low as \$29.50.

—ANNA KATZ



These people are not really teched in the head. This cut of picnickers is out of place just now after forty days and nights of unsettled weather. It is all wrong but we use it to attract attention to the prices here which are all right.

KIP'S

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25c to 89c yd.

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OCEAN AVENUE

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CARMEL CYMBAL

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

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W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

THE CYMBAL IS ON SALE AT DEL MONTE HOTEL, MCKAY'S NEWSSTAND, MONTEREY, AND THE GROVE PHARMACY, PACIFIC GROVE.

Carmel Tides

March	HIGH	LOW	March	HIGH	LOW
1	0:26a 4.5	6:22a 1.2	9	0:48a 2.3	6:51a 4.6
2	12:36p 4.0	6:20p 1.2	10	1:43p 0.0	8:36p 4.0
3	0:56a 4.4	7:07a 1.1	11	1:38a 2.0	7:43a 4.8
4	1:25p 3.7	6:55p 1.5	12	2:24p -0.2	9:11p 4.3
5	1:29a 4.3	7:58a 1.1	1	2:27a 1.6	8:33a 4.9
6	2:26p 3.4	7:37p 1.9	2	3:04p -0.3	9:45p 4.6
7	2:08a 4.3	8:58a 1.0	3	3:12a 1.2	9:22a 5.1
8	3:38p 3.2	8:25p 2.2	4	3:43p -0.3	10:19p 4.8
9	2:52a 4.2	10:05a 0.9	5	3:59a 0.7	10:14a 5.0
10	5:02p 3.1	9:28p 2.4	6	4:23p -0.1	10:53p 5.0
11	3:48a 4.2	11:09a 0.7	7	4:47a 0.4	11:06a 4.9
12	6:16p 3.3	10:41p 2.5	8	5:03p 0.3	11:29p 5.1
13	4:49a 4.3	12:07p 0.5	9	5:38a 0.1	12:03p 4.7
14	7:13p 3.5	11:50p 2.5	10	5:45p 0.6	
15	5:53a 4.4	12:58p 0.3			
16	7:57p 3.8				
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DR. CROWTHER TO TALK ON HIS AFRICAN TOUR

At the Church of the Wayfarer on Sunday morning Dr. James E. Crowther will give an account of some impressions of his extensive tour of Africa, under the caption, "An African Adventure." Miss Anne Barrows, contralto, will sing, *More Love To Thee, O Christ*, by Lillian Taitt Sheldon. Miss Jewell Brookshier will play the following organ selections: *Vision*, Rheinberger; *Cantilene Nuptiale*, Dubois; *Melodie*, Massenet; *March of the Priests*, Mendelssohn. The service is at 11 o'clock.

At Random..

TALLYHO AND TO HELL

My Daddy said flee maiden flee
If you would be pursued
I fled a little listlessly
Too fast would be too rude.

I looked behind and tried to see
This carnal beast pursue
But found him far ahead of me
He had a daddy too!

ON FIRST SEEING MY LOVER'S CONSCRIPTION CARD:

The army is no poet
Yet they have described my love completely on a piece of cardboard
Eyes blue, weight, height,
Monosyllables and numerals
Encompass him
All of him, my warmth and solace.
Oh, army, need you have his eyes so blue?
Would not some ordinary legs be just as good for walking
Through the mud among a million others?
Must a body be so white for shooting?
Could not cold steel and bullets
Pierce a flesh less fair
Or less beloved?
Without him, my heart will stop, my blood turn cold,
The world be darkly seen
Through murky panes
Yet you
To whom he's just another set of numbers
Possess him utterly.

—LIBBY DANTSH

This Needs a Lot of Explaining

The following does need a lot of explaining. It's like this: It happens that the birthday anniversary of the editor of this little gazette (small "g," operator, please) falls on well-nigh the day given over to the sending of lace or lousy valentines to friends or enemies.

Some particularly brilliant member of the staff decided it would be just too divine to lay some of either or both on the bowed head of the said editor, as tokens of a double celebration. So it was that about 3 p.m. on Thursday, February 15, the editorial basket was heaped with sheets which contained what is sadly to follow. The editor scoffed. There was about as much chance to get that stuff into the paper that day as there was to get it onto the cover of Time. Less in fact.

"O.K." the staff cried in fury. "You're a coward," it said collectively. "It goes next week, or we quit—en masse." Came next week and the editor had shoved all of it into the drawer of his desk next to the waste basket. The staff forgot all about it until another 3 p.m. on another Thursday and again the chances were nil. Fury went wild. All members were so impressed by their own creative genius that they held an indignation meeting on the sidewalk with a tough-looking representative of the C.I.O. The demands were carried in to the editor. He couldn't meet them without utter capitulation or, which is even more utter, financial disaster. So here's the stuff. THE CYMBAL's general tone goes down three points, but what can we do?—Ed.

MEMO:
FROM—PAT
TO—W. K. B.

Dear Boss—Haven't I the laugh on the rest of the staff! (If you'll pardon the rhyming) They have all been struggling with poetry and verse because it's your birthday and St. Valentine's too. But because I'm supposed to be your efficient secretary, bookkeeper, cashier and circulation Dept., I'll handle this birthday greeting in a business like fashion. I am grateful for the day that brought you into this world. You are a grand person, a real friend and a swell boss. Happy birthday and love from
—YOUR OFFICE WIFE.

BILL IS MY VALENTINE

I like Bill
He stands about
Puts his hands in his pockets
And pulls things out.
Looks important
Rocks on his toes,
Loses buttons off his clothes.
Throws away copy,
Says "I won't," means "I Will!"
Bill's a queer creature.
I like Bill.

—MARJORIE

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

Happy birthday W. K.
Be my Valentine.
This poetry is not my idea
It is Pat's, your bookkeeper
So she will hire someone
And Marjorie wrote a cute one
And Elizabeth.
But W. K.
You must know that
Not every ad writer
Can write jingles.
Dorothea can write anything
Edith Friable always does.
Poetry is easy for Oliver
But I can't.
In February
George Washington
Tom Edison
Abe Lincoln
And You
Have birthdays.
And it's Valentine's.
There is every reason
If I love you
To make a rhyme
But W. K.
You must understand that
Not every ad writer
Can write jingles.

—PAULINE

Willie K. Bassett
Is not very old,
His temper tho' hot
His eye's seldom cold,

He's cute as a bug
With long, flowing beard
The girls think he's sweet
Tho' children are "skeered,"
But as his beard flows
So also his pen,
The seed which he sows
Some people don't ken.
They shout and they pout,
They reach a high note

Within and without
To get Willie's goat,
But he doesn't care
They're wasting their time,
He's smart and he's fair
And he's in his prime.
His birthday's to-day,
He's young from here on,
Love to Bill Bassett
From Ara and Don.

He's in, he's out, our Editor Bassett,
Sometime's a rabble rouser, but often an asset,
He's up, he's down, this busy man,
He's off to the P. O.; catch if you can.

He wants no more licenses for Old Man Liquor
And Harrison Godwin is our later kicker,
Bonds for the high school—how about a petition?
All part of the office, it's a CYMBAL tradition.

He's in for a minute: "Now where's that first galley
Spell those names right and it's no time to dally.
This is Thursday," he shrieks, "the deadline for copy—
Come on, now, staff, don't be so sloppy!"

But our editor isn't really so cross,
Just a lone male showing five women who's boss.
And although he's married, I wish he were mine,
Oh, Please, Mr. Bassett, be my Valentine!

—ELIZABETH

BASSETT

The Oxford Dictionary says
It is a hound with dogish ways
Who goes to earth for mice and rabbits.
But this one goes to work for Bassetts.
And other people's little g... which are more or less
their own business, and are... as habits;
And maybe, though I wouldn't follow this of him, Nabette,
Who, according to the aforementioned authority are women
that hob IT-a.
And the Oxford Dictionary is a wonderful institution which
is sponsored by our best people, including information
Please and the C.I.O.

Well, all I can say is, I'm glad he is my friend, a continual
sort of sinking fund of delicately tinted anecdotes
And my editor;
And in some manner which I shall not bother to explain because
I love to foster the illusion that nobody understands me anyhow,
My creditor.

—LYNDA

THE FIFTH WHEEL

The editor of The Cymbal
He is a lucky guy—
He has four charming office
wives
(With whom I have to vie!)

They all have curls or dimples
Or freckles on their knees—
They use all kinds of perfumes
From "Tailspins" to "Mais
Oui's."

They fill The Cymbal office

With chatter gay and free
And when the day is waning
The blonde serves p.m. tea!

With all that competition
How should a mere wife feel?
For in this case she's only
That fifth—or extra—wheel!

—D. C. B.

Mother and I
Eye with suspicion
This all-women-helpers
Cymbal tradition!

—OLIVER

New
NYLON

Hose

1.35
and
1.50



Irregulars 1.00 and 1.22

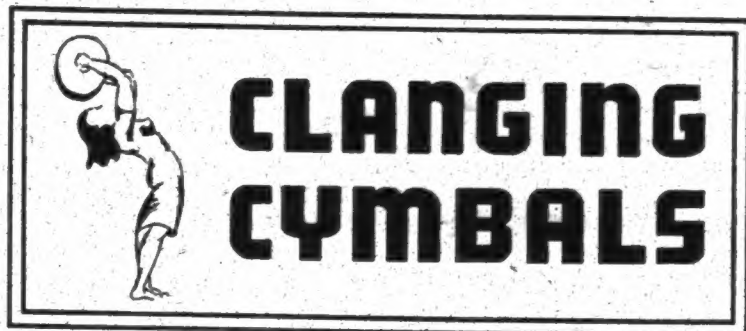
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46
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HOLMAN'S

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The sky was clear green in the hollow between the Uncanoacs' breasts where they rose and fell in the early mist when I got to the third barway that morning. Only in the west, the pink tansure on Baldy Hill was raddled with sun, as if a mischievous messenger had run on ahead, as at evening the same mischievous chit would be a-lagging way behind.

Over my arm was the basket greataunt Joan Trumbull had woven for berrying and I had stopped by the sugar maple on the up-side of the road, where the first leaves grew, and lined it with green from which the baby-blow was not yet gone. It was Saturday and much to do, but the berries were in full fruit and I could easily fill my basket before breakfast. Running out of breath, I caught a wrinkle in my long stockings on the top bar and fell over onto the other side, spraddled, my basket flying.

Someone laughed. But when I looked up there stood the nicest looking man I had ever seen, his face quite grave. He had risen from a small stool placed at a little distance from my pile of rocks, and beside the stool, there was another more mysterious object.

I say, are you hurt, he asked, but you can see he is having hard work not to smile, so you burst into laughter and then he, too, laughs and he has by far the most beautiful laugh, barring your mother's, that you have ever heard.

Let me help you with your basket . . . I see you have come after these marvelous berries . . . I say, is this your land I'm trespassing on?

It . . . it's papa's. Then do you suppose your papa would mind if I just sat here and painted a picture?

I . . . I guess not. No. Papa won't care a bit.

And you don't think . . . he looked up from where he was carefully replacing leaves in my basket . . . he smiled the most alluring smile. . . . You don't think those . . . er . . . beasts down there will be likely to drive me off?

Then you both laughed again, watching the calves graze, but you laughed hardest for a very merry thought had struck you. Oh . . . but there's Jessie. That's Jessie, the old cow with only one horn. She's in with the heifers because she's coming in most any time now. She . . . but you are off in a fit of glee at the thought and can barely get the words out. She . . . she sneaks up behind you and then she gets her one horn in your pants . . . and . . .

You both simply double up with laughter but suddenly through your tears, you get a glimpse of the picture the man is making. It's only a kind of an outline still, but it has your heap of rocks and a corner of Aunt Fanny's barn and the great Whitcomb elm—a picture of your own spot of the world. You can see already that your own pile of rocks is to be the biggest thing in it.

Oh . . . yes . . . my picture, the man says. And I must get back to work, too, for the sun will be here any minute now and I must catch it then. You see, I have come all the way from England to paint the lavender in your rocks.

Oh, doors that open with the golden keys of casually dropped words, how multitude they are,

stretching from childhood to the grave! *The lavender in your rocks.* Somewhere in the heavenly distances a door on numinous rollers slides open for a child. The primary colors dissolve into rainbow, the gray rocks of her New Hampshire hills come to life on a piece of canvas and dance in the rising sun, the old unpainted boards of Aunt Fanny's barn are streaked with red and purple, which you never saw before, the undersides of the bare elm branches take up the song that sings around the world and a thin sweet echo runs along the stone wall that divides your land from Aunt Fanny's. . . .

I have come to paint the lavender in your rocks.

Into a hot palm the child tucks that shining key and has gone on clutching it there for thirty-odd years now. Over the damson deserts and small plains; cinnamon hill and mountains of bistre and jasper; riding the chrysoprase seas under apricot sky with the absinthe haze to port; gazing upon the gilded dome and Alhambra primrose and nacreous talth of an Empire State Building; piercing the chiaroscuro nights touched with marigold star; amber and indigo and purple in the souls of men; and red in everything.

Go right on picking your berries, the painter said. If you don't mind me, I shall find you an inspiration, I daresay.

The basket is filled and the picture finished simultaneously. Out of the corner of your eye you have seen the brush furiously at work and your own excitement has flown like magic into your fingers. The man gets up and stands back to look at his work.

Oh, do come here and tell me what you think of it, he calls.

You walk up reluctantly, reverently. You see your pile of rocks all alive upon a piece of paper, more real than themselves. The big tree nods to you, just as it has done so many dawns from Aunt Fanny's pasture. . . .

Why, it . . . it's moving . . . it dances, you blurt out and then for no good reason at all, you burst into tears.

The beautiful man puts a hand on your shoulder. There, he says, very pleased, I *know* it is good, now. You must remember, you have helped me to paint the best landscape of my life. I saw you keeping an eye on Jessie . . . I say, those berries do look good, and I must walk all of two miles to breakfast.

But he had breakfast at Fernside, spreading our first Oxford accent around the sunny kitchen, bringing England to us.

Often, remembering this, I try to see our farmhouse kitchen with the eyes of an English gentleman of distinction and memorable grace. Mother, clean and beautiful, in her early thirties, mixing up batter for fritters,

Four country girls in freshly ironed Saturday dresses hurrying to wait on this resplendent stranger whose English language you had to strain your Yankee ears to understand. Through open door and window, the sun has spread her Oriental rugs aslant and the smell of tomato seedlings in boxes at the windows is pungence with the coffee. In June the ceiling would have been freshly whitewashed and new wallpaper above the paneling of pine, and Mother's oxalis and the Star of Bethlehem and the red geraniums on their table by the sewing machine, making obeisances. A clean cloth of red and white squares for a stranger and the tall chased crystal pitcher full of cream just skimmed; shining bronze maple syrup and a pat of homemade butter, and Father coming in from milking to wash at the pump, bringing a warm barny odor to his place at the table. A bowl of wild strawberries in the center, with saucedishes of early American glass and thin silver spoons, bitten by children's teeth. And pie, for Father would call for his pie for breakfast if the king himself sat at his board.

We were all very happy. The painter called our father Sir and that made the blue Sargent eyes light up and the deep voice that would have made Father such a fine jurist offered no dissonance with the Oxford one. At times like this the bitter pains of frustration dissolved away from father's heart and he was the equal of the best; not just Al Sargent, the farmer, whose luck seemed always to be against him, who hadn't quite finished high school because his father didn't believe in education, whose ideas were far enough ahead of his times so the other farmers thought him crazy, whose first-rate mind was, for a moment, unhitched from the plow and ran side by side with its peer.

I think Mother was proudest of all, her bright face bent over her food, her hand holding her fork in that odd way she had. It was Mother who brought the talk to England, asking a gentle question now and then, until the clotted cream of Devon was in our throats and the Yorkshire hills shone lustrous out our windows and the Abbey Church of Westminster and Sir Christopher Wren crowded our walls.

That was the way the world always came to Fernside, topping the last thank-you-marm of our remote byroad, going away with its stomach full but leaving a piece of foreign soil to fit into the bright mosaic of our life. Germany with a leonine white head, our old music teacher, once intimate of Bismarck, who stayed one night a week in exchange for lessons. Joe Ricci, his fringe of hair like dirty muslin under his hat, his pack on his back, from Italy. Behind his back we chanted, Old Joe Ricci goes along squeaky, but we learned of Tuscan from him. Max, who, when he found not one of our highboys was for sale, settled happily into the chimney corner and laid Nijni Novgorod out on the floor, chanting a boat song the while. George, who doctored our barn folk, tossing together a bit of everything, garden and weed, that grew on the farm, singing naughty French songs while he mixed us horse medicine for our colds; making Mother blush;

smelling of the warm fields of Provence. The tall negro who came into the yard one day, starting terror into our hearts until Mother came out and asked him in, and he sat in the evening rolling his eyes and moaning his dirge of the black skin and was gone in the morning because he was an escaped murderer. Yasu, tenderly minding the baby and moving a leaf for its shadow and making an obeisance before greatgrandfather's picture, opening our door a crack for Nippon to peep in. Even from that foreignest of countries, the world of the outside-minded, ambassador came with Tommy Blood, whose wordage held no coherent meaning but to whom we were taught to listen as to a bird, for there was music in him and we heard him as we heard the oriole, half wistful at not being bird.

Never deriding. Never surprised. Always courteously to listen and learn. We did not know how, precisely, to handle our knives and forks when we went out from Fernside, but I think we were sophisticates.

Breakfast is over, almost three hours of it, and papa is driving the painter to the village. He is hitching up John now. When he drives out of the barn, we all gather by the wagon wheel. Mother wipes her hands on her apron, and holds out the reddened right one to say goodbye. The tall man looks at her for a moment and then bends and kisses her hand. I have heard a great deal about the American woman, he said, but I shall take back to England with me the memory of only a few of whom an Englishman could wholly approve. May I compliment you on being one of these.

He left his card with Father and his name had an R.A. after it. But that was not important to us and the card was long ago lost in the welter of life at Fernside. But I never open my eyes on the world but he is in it, spreading the covenant that God made for a sign to his people horizon to horizon. At one end, the pot of gold, a heap of granite rocks just inside the third barway, touched with lavender by the rising sun.

—LYNDA SARGENT

Douglas School Notes

Dick Collins is improving so rapidly at Carmel Community hospital that he expects to be out this week-end and since he convalesced so rapidly it wasn't possible to finish the rebuilding of

the stable during his absence. As a result of an injury received while horseback riding several weeks ago, he will have to be on crutches for some time to come and is, at this point, lamenting the fact that he won't be able to do any steeplechasing when he goes on his eastern trip soon.

Visitors to the school during the last week were: Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Turner of Pasadena, and Walter Leimert of Los Angeles, all of whom stayed at Del Monte Lodge during their visit north to see their respective daughters.

The Academic Honor Roll of the school for the first semester is being inscribed on parchment. In the high school Anne Earle, daughter of Major and Mrs. E. P. Earle of Monterey, leads. Roxana Dabney, daughter of Mrs. Juillard McDonald of San Francisco, is second and Peggy Kaime, daughter of Mrs. Alvah M. Kaime of Pasadena, is third. In the lower school, Muffie Wallis, daughter of Mrs. Benedict Wallis of Carmel, heads her division. Barbara Ann Trippett, daughter of Mrs. Barbara Wilson Trippett of Hollywood, is second.

Honor guests over the week-end of Washington's Birthday were young Charlie Coates, son of Captain and Mrs. Charles Coates of Carmel, and Joseph Glasgow, son of Major and Mrs. Joseph Glasgow of the Presidio of San Francisco, and a former student at the school.



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CARMEL Camino Real at 3rd



The FIRST GALLEY

It seems I'm not the only one who loved those miniature rooms which were so popular on Treasure Island. They are being displayed now in the Art Museum in Boston, and drawing admirers to such an extent that neither of my sisters, to whom I have raved about these tiny, exquisitely perfect interiors, has yet been able to get near them for the crowds!

Of all the various periods and nationalities represented, those showing English homes held me fascinated the longest. It doesn't bear thinking of—that destruction threatens the many original rooms which have survived the years and kept their priceless atmosphere unchanged. These little replicas bring home the poignancy of the loss it would be. Here were the settings for all our beloved old English novels come to life, rooms where the characters created by Jane Austen, the Brontës, Thackeray and Trollope, and so many others, carried on their marvelously self-contained lives.

Here the ladies sat at their embroidery or knitting, gossiping and writing letters, or exchanging polite remarks in beautifully stilted language with such gentlemen as were admitted to their genteel circles. Here were in perfect detail all the homely as well as impressively elegant accompaniments of those leisurely lives so that to see one of these rooms was like a visit to a familiar scene. Those cushioned seats in deep mulioned windows... those embroidery frames with unfinished work... those fire screens and hearth fenders... those spinets and harps and candlesticks and sconces and petit point footstools... those heavy draperies and rich rugs and charming paneled walls... and the sunshine streaming in from a glimpse of old-fashioned garden or terrace... It was always tantalizing to have to move on before you could really absorb all these delightful, absolutely right details. You hadn't even time to come to a confident assurance that this particular Georgian interior might have set the stage for the inimitable Bennet family—or that Victorian parlor have echoed to the sonorous tones of Bishop Proudie.

I envy the city that has the good fortune to become the permanent home of these gems of miniature rooms! It couldn't be Carmel, of course, but wouldn't it be marvelous if it were San Francisco? Think of being able to go and study them as often and as long as you wanted to. And then, when you had decided which one furnished the appropriate period setting for a certain novel, go home and read the book over again, letting the characters act out their parts in the room you had chosen and could picture in your imagination without any effort. It would be a great help in the case of a book like "Pride and Prejudice," for instance, as I discovered last week.

Faced with a three-hour train ride back from San Francisco I decided that instead of buying a couple of magazines to pass the time, I would invest in the 25-cent edition of Jane Austen's grand old classic. I hadn't read it for years and years and I hadn't even seen the movie in the meantime. Of course, I remembered the general scheme of the book and had a unforgettable impression of the delightful humor of Miss Austen's pen and her gently caustic style, but I had forgotten much of the actual writing and background ma-

terial. I think those miniature rooms had had something to do with stirring up my avidity for homely details about the domestic life of the time. I yearned to get a more vivid picture of the household, a picture which would be revealed in those unimportant but immensely significant incidents telling—well, what they ate, for instance, how their rooms were furnished, what they wore when they traveled, what books they read, how many daughters slept in the same room—in short, a big family is interesting in any era and the running of a home particularly so at a time so many generations before ours.

I got quite thrilled in anticipation of stepping into the Bennet home and mingling with the five sisters. But when I had read a few chapters, I realized with astonishment tinged with disappointment that Jane Austen didn't give a hoot about the sort of domestic details I was hoping to find! She and her characters lived on a higher plane. They were practically disembodied spirits absorbed only in the business of social intercourse—object matrimony. They talked and talked, but apparently they never got down to discussing food or clothes or household problems! And Jane left it all to your imagination to supply what sort of houses they lived in, how the girls looked, what they wore and how they got along without any modern conveniences. She has a story to tell and by gum, she tells it. And she never slows up the tempo by describing anything.

You wonder sometimes how she could sidestep certain apparently inevitable descriptive writing, such as the time Elizabeth goes to visit the Collinses. You know that Elizabeth was naturally curious to see what sort of situation her friend Charlotte Lucas finds herself in when she intrepidly and complacently married Mr. Collins, the boring cousin whom Elizabeth had rejected. In fact, you find yourself even more curious than Elizabeth before you finally arrive with her. But you're destined to disappointment. Jane airily disposes of their house by saying that Elizabeth thought "everything seemed neat and comfortable." And even at Rosings, toward which and the great Lady Catherine de Bourgh Mr. Collins preserved an attitude of almost incredible awe, Jane covers the situation with vague generalities. Where a modern writer would have gone to town (and I presume Hollywood did!) describing the first dinner party there, Jane merely remarked, "The dinner was exceedingly handsome, and there were all the servants and all the articles of plate which Mr. Collins had promised..."

About the household of the Bennets we learn very little except that as Mrs. Bennet loftily assured Mr. Collins, they "were very well able to keep a good cook, and that her daughters had nothing to do in the kitchen." What did the daughters do? Only

one of the five took her music seriously. She was Mary, the studious one. None of them cared for the usual genteel accomplishments of drawing or needlework. Well, they took walks. They went to balls. When they stayed at home they conversed.

And in this endless flow of conversation each character reveals herself or himself as an individual, a real person whose emotions, whose hopes and fears and reactions to life, are universal wherever or whenever they exist. Because Jane Austen dealt with people, not clothes or furniture or houses or scenery, that is one reason why her book will live forever and will never lose the freshness of its truth and charm.

Sometimes I can't help wishing, though, that one of the five daughters at least had gone into the kitchen and burned her hand making a cake—or that just once in a while the family had bacon and eggs for breakfast, not just conversation!

This week's recipe. *Straganoff*. (Contributed to Duncan Hines' "Adventures in Good Cooking" by Emelie Tolman, Chicago.) Ingredients: 1½ lbs. round steak, cut in cubes; ¼ lb. butter; ¼ lb. fresh mushrooms; ¼ lb. butter; 1 onion, minced; 1 tbsp. tomato juice; 1 tbsp. vinegar; ½ pt. sour cream. Season to taste. Sauté the steak in the first ¼ lb. butter. In another pan sauté the mushrooms with onion in the rest of the butter. Do not let it get too brown. Add to steak and blend the two. Mix the tomato juice, vinegar and cream and seasoning, and add to steak mixture. Let simmer for 20 to 30 minutes, "or until it tastes done." Serve with rice and buttered melba toast.

—CONSTANT EATER

BRITISH COAT-OF-ARMS GADGETS ARE SOLD FOR 'BUNDLES' FUND

The display of pins, clips, cigarette boxes and cases and vanities all bearing the coat-of-arms of Great Britain in red, white and blue enamel that were displayed in Tilly Polak's window Wednesday and Thursday of this week, were on sale at the Bundles for Britain tea held yesterday at Tilly Polak's Carmel Woods studio, and hereafter will be sold by members of this unit of the Carmel Woman's Club. They are surprisingly inexpensive.

An attractive salad bowl and service from Haiti was the special gift at yesterday's tea. It has been the custom to have one article of value on hand to help swell the fund at each of these affairs. Who the fortunate winner was we do not know at this writing.

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VOLLEY BALL FOR MEN SUPPLANTS BASKETBALL

Volley ball will take the place of basketball at Sunset Gym Mondays and Wednesdays, beginning next Monday at 7:30 p.m. The gym is small for basketball, but works out very well for volley ball. The games will be under the supervision of "Bob" Doerr, and are conducted by the Carmel Adult School.

What the Library Has in New Books

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE, by Hart and Kaufman.

THE PRESIDENT MAKERS, by Matthew Josephson. The "president makers" are Mark Hanna, T. Roosevelt, Col. House and George Harvey, but the preponderance of the book is devoted to the presidents themselves from McKinley to Wilson.

SERGE DIAGHILEV, by Serge Lifar.

GEOGRAPHY IN HUMAN DESTINY, by Roderick Peattie. A study of human history as it has been influenced by the physical character of the earth's surface, closing with a plea for a better adjustment of man to earth's bounty as the road for the future.

SUICIDE OF A DEMOCRACY, by Heinz Pol. The author is an exile from Nazi Germany who had exceptional sources of information both inside and outside the French government during his five years in the country.

MY LIFE WITH GEORGE, by I. A. R. Wylie. The autobiography of the well known author born in London, educated in Germany, and now living in the United States.

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN, by Hartzell Spence. The career of a Methodist parson in Iowa from the early 1900's to the recent past, in which he had one foot in heaven and the other firmly planted on the earth.

MY DEAR LADY, by Marjorie Greenbie. The story of Anna Ella Carroll, the great unrecognized member of Lincoln's cabinet; that is, if you believe the story.

THE GREAT AMERICAN MYTH, by George S. Bryan. A new and authentic study of the affair of Lincoln's murder, and the story of what did really happen to John Booth.

THE ILLINOIS, by James Gray. The eleventh volume in the Rivers of America series, including studies of Lincoln in Illinois.

WHY MEN BEHAVE LIKE APES AND VISA VERSA, by E. A. Hooten. Done with the light touch and inimitable manner of this popular author, this is a study of the integration of the biological and sociological sciences.

THIS IS MY OWN, by Rockwell Kent. Autobiography covering the artist's life from 1920 to the present.

NOT BY ARMS ALONE, by Hans Kohn. A slim book of essays, written with charm and grace, which deal with the cultural heritage of western Europe and with the human values associated with democracy.

YOUR INCOME TAX, by J. K. Lasser. Tells you just what to do and what not to do, whoever or whatever you are.

FICTION — CLAUDIA AND DAVID, by L. Franken; FIELDS OF PARADISE, by Ralph Bates; IN THE FACE OF THE VERDICT, by Cecil Street; MURDER

OUT OF TURN, by the Lockridges of the New Yorker.

FICTION — RANDOM HARVEST, by J. W. Hilton; SONS OF THE OTHERS, by Philip Gibbs; HE LOOKED FOR A CITY, by A. S. M. Hutchinson; SAD CYPRESS, by Agatha Christie; BRIGHT INTERVALS, by E. L. Clements; DEATH IN ECSTASY, by Ngaio Marsh.

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Sunset Menu

Monday — Cream of spinach soup, sliced beets, corn loaf, fruit salad, ice cream.

Tuesday — Scotch broth, carrots and peas, chili beans, Hawaiian salad, gingerbread.

Wednesday — Vegetable soup, artichokes, rice pudding, cottage cheese and pineapple salad, cream puffs.

Thursday — Cocoa, string beans, hamburgers, buttered carrot salad, ice cream.

Friday — Cream of mushroom soup, fresh asparagus, creamed tuna and noodles, artichoke salad, snow pudding.

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SPINDLING IT OFF

(The following bits have been culled from the very interesting book, *Customs of Mankind* by Lillian Eichler.)

Every steaming 5-cent cup of coffee has a fanciful story attached to it which has been passed on in connection with the original discovery of coffee — Sheik Omar, starving to death on the desert, found some bitter berries on a nearby shrub and thought that perhaps by roasting them he could improve their taste. The roasting only made them so hard that they couldn't possibly be eaten so in an attempt to soften them the Sheik dropped them into boiling water, but this did nothing to make them more edible and in desperation he was forced to drink the dark water in which the berries were simmering—and so coffee.

"Knocking on wood" stems from a custom of long ago when wood was touched on every occasion of happiness or good fortune in gratitude to Christ who died upon a wooden cross. This habit eventually became twisted into the belief that the custom of touching or knocking on wood was a means of warding off bad luck. . . . "Adam's Apple," a familiar anatomical term, has an interesting origin: the story goes that a piece of the forbidden apple lodged in Adam's throat and since his time all men have had this same lump in their throats as a reminder of Adam's sin. . . . We use the term "bed of roses" to give a mental picture of an easy life, filled with comfort, wealth and pleasure but this harks back to the Sybarites, residents of a Greek city in southern Italy, B.C., who used to sleep on mattresses stuffed with rose petals and hence from this little-known luxurious custom comes our expression "bed of roses."

Red and white barber poles are the remains of rough staffs with bandages wound around them which were found in all barber shops during the era when bleeding was a popular cure-all for almost every ailment. People came to barbers to be bled and during the operation it was necessary for the patient to grasp this staff, so one of these poles, wrapped with bandagings to tie the patient's arm, was always kept on hand in the shop. When not in use the poles were placed at the door to signify that the barber was accomplished in the art of bleeding. Later the custom was to use a white pole painted with red stripes which indicated blood-soaked bandages. . . . Tipping seems to have its roots fastened in this little sideline of surgery which the barbers practiced—as they received no definite payment for the bleeding operation, the patient tipped the barber whatever he was able or whatever he felt should be paid. After that tipping became looked upon as a means of getting quicker and more efficient service in bars and inns.

Small wonder that strength is linked with the eating of garlic for back in Egyptian times when the pyramids were being built the workmen were given large amounts of onions and garlic to eat, an idea founded in the belief that this food would make stronger men by which this tremendous feat could be accomplished. So from the pyramids and the land of the Nile comes today's tradition that "to eat garlic gives strength." . . . Charles Lynch of Virginia is responsible for the term "lynching"—during the Revolutionary War Lynch, an American planter, was illegally put to death by some Tories and from then on

such a practice was called lynching. . . . Everyone has most likely placed a "feather in his cap" at one time or another without being aware that this expression is derived from the Sioux Indians. Every young brave strove to earn the "feather," the reward for distinction and bravery which was regarded as the most desirable honor. Each time a feather was won it was worn on the head and as more and more feathers were added the Indian brave's abilities could be quickly judged by the number of feathers in his "cap." . . . Black cats were looked upon with reverent esteem by the Egyptians who shared none of the fear of them as symbols of bad luck as so many people today do—a recent archaeological expedition in Egypt revealed thousands of black cats which had been mummified.

Smugly we may think that the public library is a child of our modern manner of living; however, the Babylonians were 5000 years ahead of us. Excavations made a little while ago at Nippur in Babylon disclosed a library dating from about 3000 B.C.—a library with "books" of clay tablets upon which important information was inscribed by writers who thought that the information should be perpetuated. Alexandria's library is perhaps the greatest of the ancient libraries in which the "books" consisted of great parchment rolls, indexed, and put on shelves (in just the same way we do in our libraries) and it was here that many students and teachers came to study these parchment rolls in the research work of that day. . . . Being "tickled to death" was, at one time, carried out literally with a great deal of vividness to unfortunate victims. As a form of torture which the early Chinese dabbled in—the ankles of the prisoners were put into a stock and then his soles were tickled by a torturer until he was "tickled to death."

Flowers, too, have interesting traditions which have tagged along with them through the years and which perhaps aren't very widely known. The history of the bachelor's-button is linked with the peasants of Europe who, at one time believed this flower to have a magical influence over lovers. To insure happiness in love the blossom had to be plucked early in the morning when the dew was still on it, it was then placed in the pocket where it was to lodge for 24 hours. When removed if it were still bright and fresh (and still "true blue") the wearer could be sure of being happy in marriage with the girl he loved; however, if the flower wilted and died in the pocket, the marriage would be doomed to wretchedness and unhappiness. Naturally the flower had a hard time of successfully weathering through 24 hours in a pocket, and so many superstitious men were said to have believed the omen and remained bachelors on this account, that the flower came to be known as the "bachelor's-button."

—ELIZABETH HOUGHTON
+ + +

TO TALK TO CLUB ABOUT PLANT VARIETIES

"New Varieties of Plants" will be the topic of Ann Grant when she speaks to the Garden Section of the Carmel Woman's Club at the next meeting on Thursday morning, March 6. The meeting will be held at 10:30 at the home of Mrs. Thornton Chase on Camino Real and Eighth.

A Little Man Is Doing Big Things Over in the Lial Galleries

A little man is doing big things over in the Lial Galleries in Monterey. The man is artist Jose Ramis, who has hung enough good-neighbor policy on the four walls of two rooms to float a peace-ship. Ramis' medium is almost entirely oil, his subject the varicolored glory that is Spain in America, and his treatment a sincere, primitive, almost narrative style that is exhilarating and provoking in a world of nuance and suggestion. Nothing he paints is "pretty." Even his landscapes are touched with crudity and elemental power. There is no symbolism inherent in the work of Jose Ramis, no sophistication, no carefully-perfected "technique." For these reasons he has achieved a heart-warming personal appeal in his canvasses that make the work of Diego Rivera seem effete.

Ramis is naive and Old Worldly to meet, yet here is a man who dares to use color as recklessly as Leon Bakst, who backgrounds a scarlet-cloaked Indian with a chartreuse green sky, and who has captured or the first time the wonderful oppressive passion of a summer rain-storm in Mexico. This artist knows his subject as well as his own hand, and so it is he puts a little of himself into each of his paintings. The faces in "Mexican Baptism," for instance, are like the faces which have looked

down from the stained glass cathedral windows of Ramis' native Spain for hundreds of years. Only a Spaniard could reproduce that certain holy, "pained" expression.

In "Corrido Singers," the artist has recorded one of the happiest facets to the dazzling Mexican scene. Here are the famous big sombreros, the guitars, the woman with the inevitable pink shawl over her head. Here, in one of the few of his paintings which shows any conscious attempt at formal composition, Ramis gives us the soul of a country he loves, and makes us love it, too.

Neither the student of art nor the frustrated globe-trotter will need any urging to attend Mr. Ramis' showing, which will continue for three weeks. It is fun to climb the long flight of steps up to the Lial Galleries, remembering that the building is over a hundred years old, imagining the wonderful parties given in that front room upstairs by old Don Juan Alvarado. That gentleman would smile to see the canvasses hanging in his drawing-room, no doubt . . . canvasses of Ecuadorian mountains, Indian dancers, Mexican pyramids. The velvet hand of Spain still lies upon the land of California, and Monterey is still a Spanish city. Upstairs at 490 Alvarado you will find the proof. —M.H.

Musical Art Club and Monterey Forum to Sponsor Lecture

March activities of the Musical Art Club include a lecture sponsored jointly by this organization and the Monterey Forum to be held next Monday evening, and the regular monthly meeting March 17 at which Rachel Morton, soprano, and Angie Machado, pianist, will be the star performers.

Monday's lecture will be delivered by Laura Boulton; her topic "Music of the Primitive Americas," which she will illustrate by recordings and motion pictures.

Being under Forum sponsorship, there will be no charge for the lecture and it will be open to the general public which is urged to come. Place, Walter Colton auditorium, Monterey, time, 8 o'clock.

ALL SAINTS' SERVICES

Next Sunday, the first Sunday in Lent, at the All Saint's Church the service of Holy Communion will be held at 8 a.m., the Church School with classes for young people of all ages is to meet at 9:30 a.m., and the Choral Service with a sermon by the Rector, Rev. C. J. Hulswé will take place at 11 a.m.

Sir John Stainer's "What Are These That Are Arrayed" will be the offertory anthem by the full vested choir under the direction of Rev. E. Manhire with Alice Lee Keith at the organ.

During Lent there will be a Service of Evening Prayer each Thursday evening at 4 p.m. and a study and discussion class each Friday morning at 10:45 on "The Parables of Jesus" which will be led by the Rector. The general public is invited.

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Carmel High School Notes

A continuous program of conservation through the school year has been planned for the classes of Mr. Getsinger, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Johnson, and Mr. Doerr of the Carmel High School. Among other things the following films are being shown to all the science classes and a public adult school program.

Already shown have been "The Tree of Life," "Marking Timbers," "Our Wild Life Resources," "Board Feet or Bored Timber," "A. B. C. of Forestry," and "Once Upon a Time." The following films are yet to come: April 4, "Deserts in Bloom"; April 9, "Four Thousand Gifts of the Forest"; April 16, "Forests and Men"; May 9, "Fire Weather" and "Recreation" (3 reels).

During March 7-14 the classes will have a special class room program including: displays on the wall boards, reports by selected students, and class discussions and teacher discussions.

The Aeronautical Club which usually meets Tuesday night, 7:15 p.m., at the Sunset School, did not meet last Tuesday. It will continue next Tuesday, same time and place: 7:15, Sunset School.

Starting from the ground up, we learned first the various parts of the airplane and their uses. Then we learned the different rules and regulations that you must follow when flying. Mr. Sweeney is teaching us through the experiences of a fictitious character called "Smokey Joe." —P.R.

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BOSTICK AND WOOD

Ocean & San Carlos, Carmel



Newell Stearns, who blew into Carmel unexpectedly last Thursday, and finally, after much persistence, located Patricia Hawthorne whom he'd known since they were mere infants, left for San Francisco in his little Packard coupe early Friday evening. A telephone call received by Ralph Marron in the early hours of Saturday morning revealed the shocking news that Stearns is in the Mountain View Hospital with a fractured skull and several broken ribs. A truck crashed into him head-on. Details of the accident have yet to be revealed but, according to Stearns who was in no condition to give Marron a long story on it, it was "just one of those things." He'll be confined to a bed for at least ten days or two weeks.

Because Lent was just around the corner, and because she wanted to toss off her social debts before the Lenten season made it impossible, Mrs. Selby McCreery gave a luncheon last Sunday, attended mostly by the Pebble Beach crowd, among them Mr. and Mrs. John Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Buckley, Capt. and Mrs. Eric Tyrrell-Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Bunker Vincent (guests of the Magees from Burlingame), Lieut. Woodward Malone, Mrs. Gene McComas, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Fish, Mrs. Frances Elkins, Count Andre de Limur and his houseguests, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Eyres, Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Toulmin, and, down from Burlingame for the polo Saturday, the William Tevies, the George Pope, Jr.'s, and the Frank Fullers.

Mrs. McCreery left Tuesday for her ranch at Tres Pinos and will not return to Pebble Beach until next Monday.

Agnes Fraser, who went to work for I. Magnin at Hotel Del Monte around Christmas time on a sort of temporary basis, has been there ever since and this week is at I. Magnin in San Francisco getting some quick training in modeling which she will do regularly for the Del Monte branch from now on. Mrs. Wanda Leslie has never had to put on a regular model before, but business this year has been so amazingly good that there has been a constant demand for one. Customers much prefer Aggie's type of immaculate and wholesome American girl to some of the super-glamour jobs that parade as models.

The Charles J. Hendersons of Honolulu, who are visiting in San Francisco at the present time, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow.

Many of the Pebble Beach and Carmel Valley crowd are south this week for the races and the Santa Anita Handicap. The Harry Hunts and the Henry Pot-

ter Russells went down last week, the Harold Macks left Monday, and Mrs. Frances Elkins Tuesday. They will all attend the famous before-the-race party tonight given by the Batsons.

After being here all of last week and going quite mad about Carmel which they viewed for the first time, Shane Ryan's family left the week-end for Palm Springs, San Diego, Phoenix, Grand Canyon, Salt Lake City and home. Home for the James R. Ryans is Blackfoot, Idaho; for Shane's sister, Teresa Ryan, it's Salida, Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Moll of Reno, Nev., were week-end guests of Mrs. Edith Greenan. Carl went to San Francisco Monday but Mrs. Moll stayed on for a few days longer.

An article on the treatment of interior woods will appear in an early issue of *American Home* and will be signed by Charlie Sayers, but it will have been ghost-written by Shane Ryan who is also responsible for the story with pictures of Charlie's tulip fence and gate that was exhibited in the Oakland Flower Show and which will appear in the issue that comes out in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Hansen (Patty Ball) motored down from Alameda Saturday morning with Patty's mother, Mrs. David Ball, and stayed until Sunday with Mrs. Ball at Hatton Fields. Mrs. Ball, who was in San Francisco most of last week, took them to see the Lunts at the Curran Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Griffin left Mexico City last week for New York. They won't be back at Pebble Beach until after March 15.

Dr. and Mrs. Curtis B. Gorham and their three children, Joanne, Curtis, Jr., and Bill, have moved into their new home on Shafter Way in Hatton Fields. It is a two-story California colonial type of dwelling next door to the Howard Monroe's, and it adds considerable charm and dignity to the surrounding landscape, typing in beautifully with neighboring houses, which is much more than you can say for many of the new houses going up in this town.

Mrs. Grace C. Howden had as her house-guest recently Miss Edith Hibbard of Oakland. Miss Hibbard is an aunt of John Eliassen of Monterey.

Last week Miss Gertrude E. Rendtorff was hostess at a dinner given for the Girls League board and the Junior Red Cross chairman of the Girls League of the Monterey Union high school. Those who shared the hospitality at the Rendtorff home on Camino were Rosemary Baker, Eloise Johnson, Dorothy Hazdovac, Anita Criscuolo, Patty Lou Adams, Anna Zmaeff, Dolores Shaw and Nadine Kunich.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wallace Thurston, who are living at La Playa while their new home is being built on Carmel Point, gave a pre-Rachel Morton dinner party at the hotel Monday evening. Their guests were Mr. and

Mrs. Benjamin G. Johnson and their daughter, Nancy; Mrs. Vera Shephard, Mrs. Mary Hathaway, Miss Bertha Zerega, Julian de Cordova and his niece, Miss Anna Nyren, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Herron, Mr. and Mrs. James Vincent, and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Dean.

Mrs. Thornton Chase and Mrs. C. J. Hulsewé were co-hostesses at a surprise baby shower and luncheon given for Mrs. J. B. Shinberger Tuesday afternoon at the rectory. It was attended by the vestry wives and army friends of Mrs. Shinberger who is leaving Carmel shortly with her husband, Capt. Shinberger, who has received orders to report for duty at Fort Benning, Ga. The Shinbergers have been active in all of All Saints' activities since coming to Carmel, and it is with regret that their friends see them leave.

The rectory was decorated with daffodils and other spring blossoms and little Phyllis Burnett helped to bring in the large clothes basket filled with gifts for the baby that is expected in a few months. Among those present were Mrs. L. A. Quinn, Mrs. Vera Peck Mills, Mrs. K. L. Stevenson, Mrs. O. J. Seaman, Mrs. W. W. Wheeler, Mrs. J. B. Coolidge, Mrs. Elizabeth Frymier, Mrs. Alfred Wheldon, Mrs. Ernest Leffingwell, Mrs. R. R. Wallace, Mrs. T. M. Cornell, Mrs. Ed Ewig and Mrs. W. E. Pulliam.

The smoke got in Patsy Walker's eyes at Del Monte last Saturday eve so she wore dark glasses. Patsy is from San Francisco and was Elizabeth Houghton's guest for the week-end.

Also seen at Del Monte that same night was Gabrielle Steffens, British-born dancer who was formerly with the Russian Ballet—IN Russia. She wore a sable coat she bought when there. Neuritis was the reason Gabrielle had to give up her dancing. Now she's secretary to Edward Vierra, who heads the salt works on the Castroville highway. It was Vierra she was with Saturday night.

Helen and Esther Bruton, well known and highly gifted artists, have returned from San Francisco to make their home here once again and are back in their old adobe on Cass street in Monterey.

H. V. Kaltenborn will arrive at the Monterey Airport next Wednesday morning, will make his headquarters at Del Monte Lodge, and will leave this Peninsula soon after his lecture that same night.

More and more roots of the Clampett family tree are in the process of becoming firmly imbedded in the soil of our Peninsula for word has been received that Mrs. Edmund Dexter of New York, who is the sister of Mrs. F. W. Clampett and aunt of Mrs. Martin Flavin, is planning to build a home on the Los Laureles grade up the Carmel Valley. Mrs. Dexter has vis-

ited here for many years and now feels that it is high time that she established a permanent lodging of her own. Both Mrs. Dexter and Mrs. Clampett are in the East right now and will motor out here around the first of April.

A double wedding performed last Saturday noon in Reno united four Carmel people in marriage. Eleanor Kincaid was married to Roger Hughes and Jacqueline Miller became the wife of Gerald Kincaid. After the ceremony the two couples went to Tahoe for a short visit before returning to Robles Del Rio where they will live. Gerald and Eleanor Kincaid are the son and daughter of Mrs. Marie Kincaid of Tres Pinos and the former Jacqueline Miller is the daughter of Sam Miller, Carmel contractor. The new bridegrooms both work in Carmel—Roger Hughes is employed at the Union Oil station on San Carlos and Kincaid is affiliated with M. J. Murphy, Inc.

Huseyin Halit, the Turkish painter from New York who has been making his home at a studio on Carmel for the past month, left last Wednesday for Hollywood after which he plans to return again to the Eastern coast. While here he exhibited his work at various places and did a number of portraits and sketches of Carmel people.

Forty-five members of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club had enough courage and physical fortitude to go for the traditional Washington's birth-

day swim in the surf last Saturday morning at the club beach. Following this daring feat 71 assembled for breakfast and 43 still had enough strength to play in the golf tournament Saturday and Sunday. The golf playing, however, lacked that certain sparkle necessary to encourage winners to publish their scores.

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Platterbug Patter

Today, class, we will consider the larvae of the genus *platterbugus*. These are "the little ones," not quite large or tough enough to fall into the classification *jitterbugus*... they are the small and medium-sized fry, emerging from Mother Goose days, working up through Snow White, approaching the mature sophistication of Robin Hood. Truly the kids of today are blessed with a well-planned and exciting array of playthings, not the least of which are the thoroughly charming small phonographs, the wind-up kind mostly, so childish fingers won't run the risk of heartless electrical connections. Decorated generally with bright active figures from children's literature, and covered many times with washable materials, these pint-sized kiddie phonographs make up in volume what they may lack in sensitive tone-control. And after all, that's what the young owners want... noise, and lots of it... good noise, of course, not just clatter-bing-bing....

Do the little ones ever guess, I wonder, with what infinite care and skill their "good noise" is planned so it will bring them the very finest in entertainment, new ideas, stimulating play? Psychologists, recording technicians, and artists collaborated, for instance, in order to create an album of records like Victor's "Robin Hood," in which the whole absorbing tale of Sherwood Forest is interpreted by actors of real ability, with accompanying music suitable to subject and listeners. The swash-buckling Robin on the cover of the album is enough to set any small boy leaping in glee, but wait till he listens to the recorded story inside. Then will the Merry Man in him really come to life, with much heigh-ho-ing for the Greenwood tree, much galloping about on broomstick horses and waving of apple-box swords.

Remember Christopher Robin? He had, at various times, sneezes and wheezes, Pooh the Bear, trips to the dentist, and a ring-side seat at the changing of the guard in pre-air-raid London. A. A. Milne's completely human little C. Robin has been "waxed" again, this time by Frank Luther, who chants the well-known verses with a new intimate excitement. And, what fun... the records themselves are tiny, just six inches across... about as wide as one of the honey-pots Winnie-the-Pooh forever dreams of.

The little girls? Well, everybody knows they're made of sugar and spice, and what they particularly go for is the Snow White story, done up with all the sound effects from the motion picture. Remember when Dopey locked up the treasure and then hung the key alongside the door? Well, you can actually hear him doing it. And the clomp-clomp of the Prince's horse. And Snow White scrubbing the cobblestones around the old well. "Pinocchio" has also been recorded from the sound-track of the film, with just as much success, plus an attractive album illustrated with Disney drawings of all the characters.

Children's tastes, however, do not run entirely to "kid stuff." They love *The Heart of the Symphony*, which feeds their expanding musical tastes with excerpts from eight famous symphonic masterpieces. Little Mollie, who would wriggle like electrified spaghetti if forced to sit through a complete performance of Dvorak's New World Symphony, will hang on every note of the "Going Home" movement;

Brother Johnnie likes the bit of Brahms because it's full of trumpets and drums... someday he'll love the whole symphony, chiefly because he learned to know it under peaceful, tranquil circumstances in his childhood.

"Punks" and "squirts" adore program music like "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (Just watch how they'll go for that part of Disney's "Fantasia") and the William Tell Overture. They like march music, ballet music, and Carmen Miranda. They prefer Yvette to Lily Pons, and Kenny Baker to Richard Crooks. Operas they enjoy mostly in the Italian school... "Aida" is a great favorite, maybe because of the lions and tigers in the second act.

So here's to the younger platterbugs... long and happy may they spin the discs on their little toy phonographs, and hey, kids, don't forget to change the needle once in a while, huh?

Today we honor Platterbug Muriel Pulitzer, who takes time off from her sculpture to enjoy rare Beethoven quartets, Debussy songs, Povia Frjsh, Wagner, Mahler's "Song of the Earth" and the Trapp Family Choir.

—MURIEL HERSE

ALL SAINTS' CHOIR BOYS HAVE TRIP TO S.F.

The Choir Boys of All Saints' Church had their annual week-end in San Francisco, a reward which is given to them each year in appreciation of their services. Under the leadership of Rev. C. J. Hulsewé, K. L. Stevenson and W. D. Yerkes the party consisted of Daniel Bell, Douglas Calley, Stanley Ewig, Bill Goss, Edgar Hoffman, Eric Leflingwell, Dick Rohr, Klaus Lehmann, Bradford Walker, Charles Foye, Donald Baker, Bob Cooke, Alex Maxey, Bob Burgess, Robert Brown, Donald Stevenson and Norvell Yerkes.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

In all Christian Science churches, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass., a Lesson-Sermon will be read Sunday, March 2, on the subject "Christ Jesus."

The Golden Text will be: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given.... Of the increase of his government and the peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever" (Isaiah 9: 6, 7).

OFFICERS' WIVES HOLD LUNCHEON MARCH 7

Officers' wives of the 32nd Infantry will hold a luncheon at La Playa Friday, Mar. 7, at 12:30 o'clock. Reservation must be in by Monday, Mar. 3, and should be made by calling either Carmel 1625-W or 1143-W.

DOG DAYS and NIGHTS



by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Saturday may have been Washington's Birthday to most people, but it also was "Pal's Day" to Carmel, and most of the town turned out to see him presented with his honorary membership in the Tailwaggers Club of Hollywood. The simple but impressive ceremony took place in Devendorf Plaza with Mayor Keith Evans officiating and Pal beaming with happiness and pleasure. The medal couldn't be properly hung on Pal because he is too fat to wear a collar (although he was decked out in a big red bow for this occasion) so his silver "Lend a Paw" Tailwaggers tag was given to his adopted master, King Mederos for safekeeping. (This was a case of mutual adoption for Mr. Mederos took Pal home one day last fall to doctor him and Pal liked him so much and his care and prunes and milk that he promptly adopted him.)

Pal spent the afternoon on Ocean Avenue looking over the week-end tourists and being petted and admired. Saturday evening he was the guest of Vincent Duffy at La Ribera. (It took Mr. Duffy, Mr. Overin and two assistants to get rotund Pal up the hotel stairs.)

It was indeed a great day for Pal and he enjoyed every bit of it, too.

Even glamorous ladies like Tallulah Crowe have their unglamorous moments as Greta Sullivan found out the other day when she and Tallulah engaged in a slight altercation that ended up in a regular hair-pull that shattered the peace and quiet of Hollow Hills Farm.

It all started when grave Greta accused temperamental Tallulah of being "theatrical" just because she was named after an actress. Tallulah, who has a great love for the theater, resented the accusation—and the fur flew! Then to top it off, Tallulah was so upset by it all that she wandered out onto the road and was bumped on the head by a car.

But Tallulah is quite recovered just how to handle Tallulah's lovely self again, thanks to the kind and thoughtful care of her master, Lee Crowe, a very, very fine actor, who though not a bit temperamental himself, knows just how to handle Tallulah's temperamental outbursts.

Some girls wear their hearts on their sleeves but Spatts Ogden wears hers dangling from her collar. It is a little bright red

heart made of celluloid and inside of it (most appropriately) is written the name of her master, Terry Ogden, and his name and address, so that in case Spatts gets lost, she can be sent home again. The brilliant touch of color is so becoming to Spatts' dark beauty that no doubt all the other girls will be wearing red hearts before very long.

Children's Opera At Pacific Grove Monday Night

To delight children of all ages and even grownups who might snatch at any excuse to attend it, "Jack and the Beanstalk" a children's opera with libretto by John Erskine and music by Louis Gruenberg, will be at Pacific Grove High School next Monday night, Mar. 3 at 7:30 as the newest opera presentation of the Junior Programs, Inc. This corporation has sent companies of adult professionals throughout the United States performing opera, ballet, drama and concerts in an attempt to bring the finest professional music and stage entertainment to American children and youth, hoping in some way to stimulate a love of the finest in music and the arts.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" with almost its original New York cast offers a fine entertainment opportunity to Peninsula young people and tickets, which are 25 cents for children and 50 cents for adults, are on sale at Stanford's.

ALEC TEMPLETON HERE AGAIN MARCH 29

Alec Templeton returns to Carmel for his second engagement at Sunset auditorium Saturday, Mar. 29. Kit Whitman will be his manager as before.

Home Owners' Guide

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Mrs. Theodore Burnette Conducts Dance Group At Del Monte Hotel

Mrs. Theodore Burnette is holding the first of a series of weekly dance group gatherings in the Tower Room of the Hotel Del Monte tonight. It has been formed by Mrs. Burnette whose advocacy is dancing, and with the full sponsorship of Del Monte who heard of Mrs. Burnette's success with a similar group at the Green Briar Hotel, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

The demand is mainly for rhumbas and tangoes. Mrs. Burnette will concentrate on these dances, but will incorporate new figures of the waltz and fox-trot into her instructions.

There will be one hour of instructions and the rest of the evening will be devoted to dancing.

A six piece rhumba orchestra has been engaged and over one hundred invited guests have accepted so far.

It is to be known as the Friday night dance group and is by invitation only.

Praise for Miss Maynor

A clipping from *Time* magazine of several months ago has been reposing patiently among the debris of our upper desk drawer awaiting the time when the Maynor concert is practically on hand. It is now practically on hand, and it is with a certain amount of smug satisfaction that we lay hands upon this clipping at the psychological moment. So...

"Manhattan's Town Hall was well packed one night last week. It had been sold out for four days—good news in a season that had not begun too well for concert managers. Cause of the turnout was a brown, dignified, warm-smiling woman, in a billowy, pumpkin-colored gown which failed to add much to her melony 4 ft. 10 inch. Negro Soprano Dorothy Maynor, just past her 30th birthday, had begun her second concert season.

"Year ago, hailed by Boston's patrician conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, she made her Town Hall debut, unleashed a voice for which everyone predicted a future. Last week, long before she got to the inevitable Negro spirituals, Soprano Maynor showed that her future had begun. Her voice had rounded at the top, where it needed to; her knowledge of what she was about had deepened. Tenderly she sang Schumann's *Du bist wie eine Blume*, chely she trilled a trifle of Bizet.

"Soprano Maynor, whose patroness (Miss Mary Hayden of Boston) had to buy her debut gown last year, is now in the bank-account class. She has moved from Manhattan's Harlem to musical West 57th street. Besides singing with the four major symphony orchestras (New York Philharmonic, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago), she made a triumphant concert return to Hampton Institute; in whose choir her voice began. This season Dorothy Maynor has engagements in 27 states, is making two big cross-country tours. Boxofficially she is not yet the peer of big-voiced Contralto Marian Anderson, who sells out Cargenie Hall. But Dorothy Maynor is just hitting her stride."

The Carmel Music Society proudly presents Dorothy Maynor in its third concert of the winter series on Saturday, March 8, at Sunset Auditorium.

The Saratoga Blossom Festival is scheduled for Sunday, March 30, reports the San Jose office of the National Automobile club. For the first time, a horse show will be included in the celebration.

Red Cross Gets More Sewing Machines Than It Can Use

Miss Jane Burritt, head of the Red Cross War Relief Work Room, is in a quandary. First she asks for volunteers to help make garments for refugees from the war. A lot of women offer their services. She runs short of sewing machines; so she announces her need in the newspaper. The good people of Carmel never let an announcement of that kind go by. They flood her with machines: five, to be exact, and money to buy two more used ones. Not all are in good condition, but now Miss Burritt is short of workers who can run machines, for the demand for warm garments for Europe is almost inexhaustible. So all good workers are asked to get in touch with Miss Burritt. There will be jobs for all, and no questions asked.

Miss Burritt is marveling at the advertising effectiveness of Carmel newspapers. But she is also wondering if she ever will get her machines and workers so adjusted that there won't be a shortage of one or the other.

Sphinx Club Does Some Fancy Initiating

While suddenly coming across a group of boys decked in feminine garb putting on a rare type of floor show in front of the water trough at Ocean and San Carlos last Saturday afternoon, local observers faced the grim reality of it all — The ancient custom of pledging and initiating, a process demanding that inferiors bow to superiors by willingly performing a number of astonishing feats, has at last found its way to Carmel. To the old timers this, on top of a town milling with window gazers and streets full of Washington Birthday traffic jammers, just about put the cap on a day already brimming over.

It was soon gathered that the exhibition was all part of the functions of that up and coming Sphinx Club, a fraternal sort of an organization made up of Carmel High School boys. On Saturday, 10 initiates were showing themselves worthy enough to become new Sphinxes by obeying commands of members to give soap box speeches and dances all up and down the street. The festivities reached a climax at a dance given at Crespi Hall that evening where the initiates continued to display their entertainment abilities.

LETTERS TO THE PAPER

BUT THE ARMY HAS THE MONEY, BERNARD

Editor, The Cymbal.

A glance at the map of Monterey county makes it hard to believe that a road up the Carmel Valley to Greenfield would be of much use when moving troops from Fort Ord to Los Angeles.

For military purposes, the entire road would have to be straightened and graded and probably realigned and then paved.

You ask, "Who wants to get to Los Angeles any sooner than the worst road in the world would get him there?"

My dear sir, you waste words. It would be shorter and probably truer to ask, "Who wants to go to Los Angeles?"

—BERNARD ROWNTREE

The dates of March 1 and 2 have been set for the Truckee Outing Club Invitational Jumping Meet in A B C and D classes, according to the Sacramento office of the National Automobile club.

Composer, Living in Carmel, Honored by Rachel Morton

In a most becoming gown, the color of the blossom on a flowering eucalyptus, and with calla lilies arranged by Miss Jessica and Miss Katherin Colvin in huge silver urns flanking either side of the Playhouse stage, Rachel Morton made a most dramatic appearance against the black velvet drop last Monday evening.

Perhaps one of the happiest moments in Julian de Cordova's life came when Miss Morton called on him, as the composer of *Sleep, My Darling*, to speak to the audience, after they had greeted this number on her program with such enthusiasm. Mr. de Cordova, always the gallant, gave full credit for their enjoyment to the charming lady who had sung it.

The reception for Miss Morton held at the Carmel Art Gallery immediately following her concert, was a very charming affair, made possible through the interest and enthusiasm of the many friends who sponsored it, among them Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Thurston, Mrs. Vera Shephard, the Misses Colvin, Mrs. Grace Parsons Douglas, Noel Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Strausburger, Mrs. Parker Holt, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Flavin and Mrs. W. H. Winslow.

Kit Whitman, who managed this concert for Miss Morton, tosses it off with her usual smoothness and close attention to detail.

ROBERT RALPH HEADS MISSION SODALITY

Robert Ralph has been elected president of the Carmel Mission Sodality which was recently formed. Other officers elected are Meta Gossler, vice-president; Joan Trudeau, secretary; Toland Doud, treasurer; Eleanor Hart, publicity agent, and Robert Young and Peter Elliott, consultants.

Recent action on the part of city authorities has officially designated Sacramento as the "Camellia City," reports the Sacramento office of the National Automobile club.

NEW LOW FARES!

30 TRIPS A DAY

Between Carmel and Monterey

Leave Carmel	Leave Monterey
7:00 A.M.	7:35 A.M.
8:20	8:35
9:15	9:40
10:15	10:40
10:55	11:20
12:05 P.M.	12:25 P.M.
12:50	1:30
2:00	2:30
2:45	3:20
4:00	4:30
5:05	5:30
6:05	6:55
7:20	7:40
8:40	9:30
10:45 P.M.	11:00 P.M.

FARE 20c
Good for transfer to Pacific Grove, Asilomar, Oak Grove, Del Monte, Presidio

Buy Tokens & Save—5 for 75c

10c LOCAL FARE
Within city limits of Carmel or Monterey

Sunday Pass—Good All Day 25c

BAY RAPID TRANSIT CO.
Carmel Depot
at 6th and Dolores

Tilly Polak's Tea Aids 'Bundles for Britain' Drive

Keeping the "Bundles for Britain" ball, which has gained such amazing velocity in the last five weeks, still rolling, Tilly Polak gave a tea in her studio in Carmel Woods yesterday afternoon for those interested in the work. As usual, a satisfactory number of people attended, and the customary free-will offering swelled the amount of contributions received by this unit to considerable over the amount of \$450 that was the total up to last week. This fund has already been forwarded to National headquarters in New York and is being used to purchase a mobile canteen or, as the Londoners call it "mobile kitchen."

Mrs. Burleigh Hall Murray, at whose home on Palou the first Bundles for Britain party was held, received a letter from the Royal Air Force last week expressing their appreciation and thanks for the knitted garments received.

There are no wild flowers in Death Valley at present, reports the touring department of the National Automobile club. It is difficult to anticipate this early in the season just what the prospects are for a wild flower display, but the flowers, if any, will appear late.

Two Cases of Rabies Reported on Peninsula

Two cases of dog rabies, one in Monterey and one in Pacific Grove, were reported to the county health department last week, making it necessary for four people to start taking the Pasteur treatment as a preventive measure against the disease. About the same time last year several cases like this sprang up in just such a sudden manner as these two have.

The incubation period for rabies is an extremely long one and animals who show signs of it now are ones which were exposed as long as four or five months ago. Because of this new outbreak, the Humane Society at Pacific Grove is clamping down more than ever on the stray dog problem and by picking up all unlicensed dogs on the Peninsula and taking them to the Shelter.

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This Save \$10 Offer applies to current model Electric Water Heaters that sell for \$59.50 or more.



SAVE \$30 Here's good news, Mr. and Mrs. Householder. Right now, by terms of a Special Offer, you can save \$30 on the purchase price of a New 1941 Electric Range. This saving, plus the usual liberal trade-in allowance for your old stove, now brings the cost of the latest model electric ranges to sensationally low price levels.

SAVE \$10 You can Save \$10 too, when you buy an Electric Water Heater, the kitchen companion to your new electric range.

USUAL LIBERAL TRADE-IN OFFER Yes, trade-in allowances for your old stove and water heater are in addition to the Cash Savings Inducements of the special offers.

Enjoy a modern electric kitchen now. Be done with the slow, bothersome cook stove and water heater that waste time in the kitchen. Electric cooking is clean, fast and automatically certain in cooking results. You will like it. You can afford it. Buy these electric kitchen servants now while these big savings are in effect.

SEE YOUR DEALER OR THIS COMPANY

P.G. & E.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

Jay Bees

NEWS OF SALINAS JUNIOR COLLEGE

By KATHRYN HAMM and EYALINE DIEKEMPER

With the coming of the vernal Equinox, the sap is running high through all green and growing things and it seems that quite a bit of the aforementioned plant juice has dripped into the halls and classrooms of Salinas Junior College. In fact it's hard to tell which is the more prevalent, saps or drips.

Looking for some cure for this strange affliction known as Spring Fever and keeping in mind the old adage: "Music soothes the savage beast," ED BROCK and DEE MAC MAHON hopped into ED's *Enterprise* (a very refined Model 'A') and wheezed up to San Jose to give an ear to the "Honey-hot" notes of Duke Ellington's jam juice.

Following in their footsteps were the very original "Hag Hunters" namely EDGAR LESLIE, EMERY NIELSEN, FRANK ROSS and CLAYTON ASKEW. They also stopped for a little Ellington excellence. But their main objective (to quote them more than directly) was to "cruise around a bit and float their eyeballs." (For complete interpretation write directly to any of the Hag Hunters.

The co-eds of S.J.C. have found a new way to give their big times the cold shoulder, or should we say shoulder? They merely put them on skates at the nearest ice rink, give them a push and let the law of gravity take its course. Some even go as

far as San Francisco, as did HUGH EVANS last week-end. HUGH reports that the rink was no different than others—just cold and very hard.

"Lady with red hair" or GEORGINA OTTMAR is not longer in the employment of "Joe College" Education. TORCHY has dropped her campus slang for the golden pear-shaped tones that one must have to speak to the patrons of I. Magnin and Company—plug—at Del Monte—plug—another plug.

Filling in the shoes of a Carmelite, is a newcomer to the village, MISS KATHERINE DOUST, formerly of Fargo, North Dakota. Katherine has had a year and a half of college "edjection" at that great institution, North Dakota State College, where she majored in "book worming," commonly known as library research. She was affiliated with the well known organization of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Well, as the old saying goes, "that's '30' for now."

More Personals

The *Coast* magazine cover girl this month is Madeleine McDonogh, until lately of Carmel. Wearing dude ranch regalia by Levi Strauss, she is caught while smiling prettily, by photographer Robert Gries. Rae Welch, who showed us the picture, says that Madeleine is doing well at photographic modeling in Southern California.

Brief visitors to Carmel last Wednesday were Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jordan of Media, Penna., friends of Mrs. W. K. Bassett from the days when they were all members of the staff of the N. W. Ayer and Son advertising agency in Philadelphia. Jordan is now one of the vice-presidents and was out here on a business trip to the San Francisco office of the concern and other western cities. They were in Carmel just long enough to see a little of the city, including THE CYMBAL Press, and to make a tour of the Carmel Mission.

Ellen and Jessie Joan Brown had a lot of fun Sunday showing the sights of the village to one of their favorite radio stars, Elma Flatta Hackett. Mrs. Hackett and her husband, J. F. Hackett, their daughter, Carol, and Nancy Glick had driven down from Berkeley to get away from the rain.

Two young people who are known in Carmel were married in Reno last Saturday. They are Gene Trenner of Monterey and Ruby Jones who used to be one of the girls in white at The Powder Puff beauty salon in Carmel.

By and Ruth Ford celebrated last Saturday night—the fourth anniversary of their flight to Reno. They marked the event by a trip to San Francisco where they saw the Lunts in "There Shall Be No Night" and then Ted Lewis at the Bal Tabarin.

CYMBAL WANT ADS go places, see people and do things—to 'em.

LEGAL NOTICES

SCHOOL BOND ELECTION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given to the qualified electors of Carmel Unified School District of the County of Monterey, State of California, that in accordance with law, an election will be held on the 20th day of March, 1941, in said District, between the hours of 7 o'clock A.M. and 7 o'clock P.M., during which period and between which hours the polls shall remain open, at which election there will be submitted the question of issuing and selling bonds of said District to the amount of \$150,000.00, for the purpose of raising money for the following purposes:

1. The purchasing of school lots;
2. The building or purchasing of school buildings;
3. The making of alterations or additions to the school building or buildings other than such as may be necessary for current maintenance, operation, or repairs;
4. The repairing, restoring or rebuilding of any school building damaged, injured or destroyed by fire or other public calamity;
5. The supplying of school buildings with furniture or necessary apparatus of a permanent nature;
6. The permanent improvement of the school grounds;

All of the foregoing purposes enumerated herein are hereby united and shall be voted upon as one single proposition. Said bonds proposed to be issued and sold shall be of the denominations hereinafter specified, and shall bear interest at a rate of not to exceed five per cent per annum, payable annually for the first year the bonds have to run, and semi-annually thereafter, and shall be numbered from 1 to 150 consecutively, payable as follows, to wit:

Bonds Numbered (Inclusive)	Denomination	To Run
1 to 4	\$1000.00	1 year
5 to 7	\$1000.00	2 years
8 to 10	\$1000.00	3 years
11 to 14	\$1000.00	4 years
15 to 19	\$1000.00	5 years
20 to 25	\$1000.00	6 years
26 to 31	\$1000.00	7 years
32 to 38	\$1000.00	8 years
39 to 45	\$1000.00	9 years
46 to 53	\$1000.00	10 years
54 to 63	\$1000.00	11 years
64 to 73	\$1000.00	12 years
74 to 83	\$1000.00	13 years
84 to 93	\$1000.00	14 years
94 to 104	\$1000.00	15 years
105 to 115	\$1000.00	16 years
116 to 126	\$1000.00	17 years
127 to 138	\$1000.00	18 years
139 to 150	\$1000.00	19 years

For the purpose of holding said election, the persons hereinafter named being competent and qualified electors of said School District, are hereby appointed officers of election, as hereinafter designated, to serve as hereinafter set forth; and said Officers of Election shall conduct said election and

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European Plan
Rates from \$3

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Friendly Atmosphere
MODERATE RATES
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CLASSIFIED ADS

10 cents a line for one insertion. 15 cents a line for two insertions. 20 cents a line for three insertions. 25 cents a line for four insertions. Minimum charge 30 cents. Count five words to a line.

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\$400 LOT—Easy walking distance of town—just beyond City Tennis Courts—60 x 100 ft. Monthly terms can be arranged to suit the buyer. Good home location. Large lots at low prices are not easy to find—and they will be worth more. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Ocean Avenue or see ANY CARMEL BROKER.

THREE BEDROOM house, Randall Way & 5th, Hatton Fields. Ready February 15; 4 bedroom & 3 bath on Ladera Drive, Mission Tract, ready February 1. Both can be bought under liberal FHA terms with monthly payments half the rental value. CARL BENSBERG, owner build-Carmel 1543.

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

CARMEL VALLEY cabin site cleared for building. Private tract. 50 x 150. Close to river and Robles del Rio store. \$150 cash for quick sale. No agents. P. O. Box 988 Carmel (tf)

CARMEL WOODS lot—over ¼ an acre — Southern exposure — sweeping view of Valley—Point Lobos & Carmel Bay. Quick sale \$950. Phone 63, James Doud. (tf)

CYMBAL WANT ADS are potent little buggers

make returns thereof pursuant to law. The polling place and election officers, duly designated and appointed are as follows:

BOND ELECTION shall include all the area embraced in Carmel Unified School District. POLLING PLACE therein shall be at Library, Sunset School, San Carlos Street, Carmel, California. Officers of Election for said Bond Election: William L. Overstreet, Inspector; Elizabeth Sullivan, Judge; Florinda C. Holm, Judge. Each qualified elector of said Carmel Unified School District shall be entitled to vote only in the School District Bond Election Precinct of which he is a resident.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this sixth day of February, 1941.

HUGH W. COMSTOCK,
HELEN LEVINSON,
HAROLD L. NIELSEN,
SHELBY ROBINSON.
Members of the Governing Board of Carmel Unified School District, of Monterey County, California.

(Feb. 21, 28, Mar. 7)

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

That I, the undersigned, WILLIAM IRWIN HENRY, do hereby certify:

That my name in full is WILLIAM IRWIN HENRY, and that my place of residence is Robles del Rio, Monterey County, California;

That I am transacting business in the State of California under the fictitious name and style of ROBLES DEL RIO STORE, and that I am the sole owner and proprietor of said business; that the principal place of business is Robles del Rio, Monterey County, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 1st day of February, 1941.

WILLIAM IRWIN HENRY
STATE OF CALIFORNIA) ss.
COUNTY OF MONTEREY)

On this 1st day of February, 1941, before me, SHELBY ROBINSON, a notary public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California, personally appeared William Irwin Henry known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the County of Monterey, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

SHELBY ROBINSON
Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California.

SHELBY ROBINSON
Attorney-at-Law
Box 1686, Carmel, California.
(Pub. 7.14.21, 28)

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

ONE BEDROOM house—Excellent condition. \$4500. South of Ocean Ave. Also one bedroom house South of Ocean Avenue, \$3,000.

Investment property, two bedroom house, three years old, \$5500. Leased one year at \$65 per month. Sold subject to lease only. Appointment only through Del Monte Properties Company, Phone 1200. (tf)

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

HOUSES FOR RENT

UNFURNISHED HOUSE, 2 or 3 bedrooms. Children. Permanent. Under \$35 month. Possibility of buying. A. Sheffield, Gen. Del. (tf)

IN CARMEL Everybody Reads THE CYMBAL.

ROOMS FOR RENT

COMFORTABLE ROOM IN private family, adjoining bath, rent reasonable. Tel. 76-W. (3)

ROOM WITH OUTSIDE entrance. Woman preferred. Tel. 145-W.

IN CARMEL Everybody Reads THE CYMBAL.

WORK WANTED

EXPERT TYPIST—Will do work at home. Tel. Carmel 1573-W. (tf)

Read the CLASSIFIED ADS.

Read the CLASSIFIED ADS.

FOR SALE

STEINWAY GRAND piano, Telephone 776, mornings. (tf)

AUTO RADIO—Cost \$70—sell for \$15. Can be seen at Carter's Radio Hospital, 581 Lighthouse, New Monterey. (tf)

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HEART AND HOME

CHARMING SMALL Boston Bull (Female) desires romance soon. Phone 1872. (9)

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'Night Train,' at Playhouse Now, Honor Film

After awarding "Night Train" top honors for being the most exciting picture of the season, the New York press is kidding the metropolitan movie houses for letting this plum slip through their fingers. When the prints of the film arrived from England some weeks ago a few New York exhibitors reluctantly took a chance and assigned the picture second place on their double bills, suddenly awaking to the fact that they had a hit on their hands, with the public clamoring for repeat showings. A few small theatres here and there around the country had farsightedly tied up the time of the few prints now in America—the Carmel Playhouse is one of these and "Night Train" will open tonight for a limited three-day exclusive engagement, with the usual midwinter Sunday matinee.

This film has been accorded first honors for the thriller of the year by six great New York dailies and resembles in technique "The Lady Vanishes." Rex Harrison and Margaret Lockwood head a long list of top-flight British players in a picture not to be missed.

+ + +

Carmel Mission Parish News

A well-attended meeting of the Junipero Serra Society was held in Crespi Hall at the Carmel Mission a week ago Thursday, Feb. 13, under the direction of Mrs. W. M. Ives. The study group started with two-minute rotated talks which covered a range of interests—topics of the day, reminiscences, humorous incidents, personal experiences, were all given with enthusiasm, directness and simplicity which made the new venture most successful. Those who contributed talks were Mrs. Mary Miller, Mrs. Perry McDonald, Mrs. Louis Narvaez, Mrs. George Keck, Miss Harriet Dean, Mrs. Charles McCauley, Mrs. Mary Reardon, Mrs. Joseph Hooper, Mrs. W. C. Louisell, Mrs. Elsie Martinez, Mrs. Garrett Gault.

It was decided that the next meeting would be held at the home of Mrs. Mary Miller.

+

Rev. Michael O'Connell addressed the newly organized "Discussion Club" at a breakfast given by the Missionary Catechists, Sunday, Feb. 16. This group of young Catholics of high school age are the Confirmation class of the last year.

+

In order to raise funds for the National Council of Catholic Women, Mrs. Mary Miller will hold a luncheon-bridge, March 11, at her home on Bayview between Santa Lucia and Martin Way. It is requested that those who can attend telephone Mrs. Miller 512-J, in Carmel.

+

The First Friday Communion breakfast will be held in Crespi Hall, Friday, March 7, immediately following the 7:30 mass, for the children of the Parish.

Fountain Pens
Parker's and
Sheaffer's

SPENCER'S
HOUSE OF CARDS
On Ocean Avenue

'The Westerner' at Carmel Theatre 'Flight Command' Comes Sunday



Three Adventurers are PAUL MUNI, LAIRD CREGAR and JOHN SUTTON.

"The Westerner," starring Gary Cooper with Walter Brennan and Doris Davenport, is being shown at the Carmel Theatre tonight and tomorrow with a matinee tomorrow afternoon. It's the story of a man and an era; of a new land and its struggle to lift itself from the domination of an amazing force, a personality so strong that today, after 60 years, its presence is still felt across the broad acres of the western end of Texas.

A bitter battle between the cattlemen, original settlers of the land, and the homesteaders — Lily Langtry, the Jersey Lily, whose arrival at Fort Davis provides an opportunity for some gun fire—all provide some good romantic thrills as well as the satisfaction of seeing Gary Cooper in a role perfectly suited to him.

"Flight Command," the much-heralded air drama, arrives at this theatre Sunday to remain through Tuesday. Robert Taylor

is the star, with Ruth Hussey and Walter Pidgeon in strong supporting roles, and Paul Kelly, Shepperd Strudwick and Nat Pendleton and a score of others swelling the cast.

"Flight Command" is the romance of a Pensacola air cadet who goes through a baptism of fire with a crack naval squadron at North Island. Amid the thrills runs a story of friendships, a misunderstanding that threatens his career, and the intense loyalty of a group of daredevil flyers who laugh in the face of peril.

Power dives, battle practice, Taylor's parachute jump at sea, Pidgeon's forced crash landing and rescue in the fog by Taylor, sensational dog fights, carrier landings and other evolutions, some with hundreds of planes in the air, were followed by cameras aboard stunt planes for a crescendo of excitement to climax the comedy and human drama of the story.

Kaltenborn Here Next Wednesday

(Continued from Page One)

with a telephone line, and after long negotiations arranged a radio connection through this wire.

Taking a coil of cable over his arm, Kaltenborn stepped forth across a hundred yards of new-mown, bullet-swept hayfield. Trailing the wire behind him he finally took up his position in a haystack. He was a solid, substantial figure in a well cut business suit and pince nez, a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling across his ample vest front; but, as a slight concession to the adventurous nature of his trip, he wore a steel helmet over his thinning hair. Hidden behind the hay-

stack, he sat for nine hours watching the battle across the river on both sides of him, and listening to the occasional swish of bullets through his haystack. Once he had to go out and mend the cable where an exploding shell had broken it.

It took a long time to estab-

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and Band

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Ted Crawford and The Hammond Organ

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Telephone 414

lish radio connections, but finally there came from the haystack to America the dignified, well-modulated tones of Kaltenborn.

He analyzed the war picture in clipped, precise diction, bringing out every syllable and consonant—a habit acquired in those early days when radio transmission was not as good as now. His remarks were punctuated by the occasional rattle of machine guns and bursts of artillery. It was the first time the noise of actual warfare had been heard

on the radio. Kaltenborn received acclaim for that, but nothing like what he received for transmitting and commenting upon the reports of other men in the field of action.

After long years in an editorial chair and on the lecture platform he still thinks of himself as a reporter, a newspaperman building up and feeding the public's appetite for news. He prides himself that he never de- and it is always delivered ex-temporaneously.

MRS. THEODORE BURNETTE

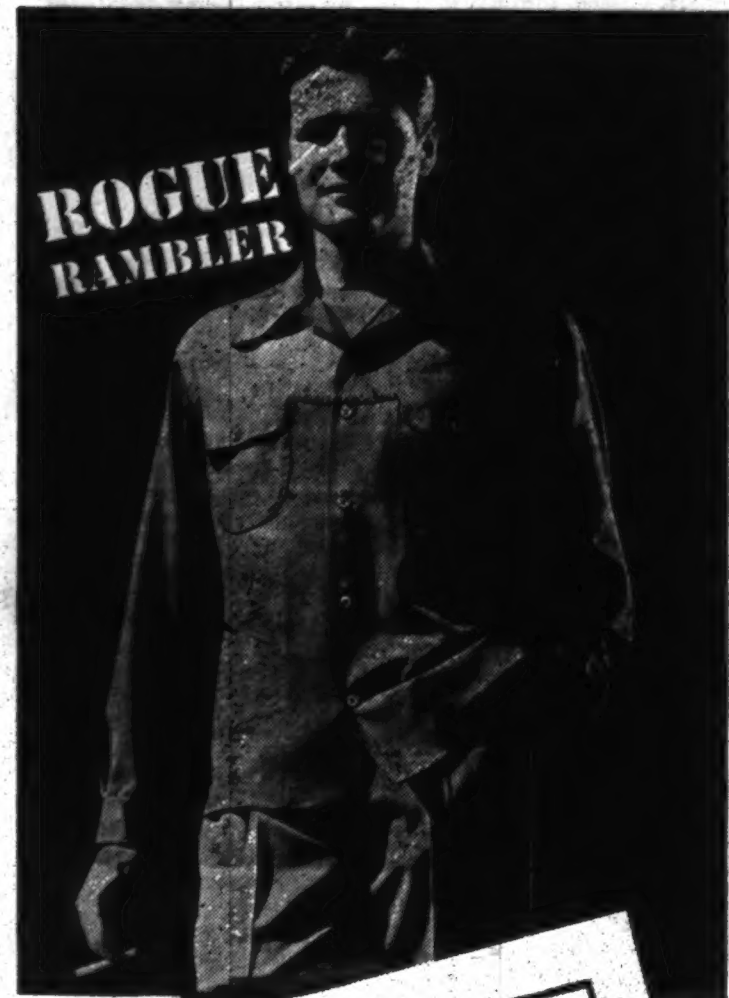
(Ruth Dexter Burnette)

Wishes to announce the
opening of her

DANCE GROUP
TONIGHT

In the Tower Room of
Hotel Del Monte at 8 P.M.
Admission by invitation only

For information call Mrs. Burnette
Carmel 1273 between 9 and 10 A.M.
or 6 and 7 P.M.



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